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OUR PANICS AND THEIR REMEDY.

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TWENTY years since it was Russia, ten years later France, whose power made us uneasy within our belt of sea. Another decade passing by has reared up an empire of more colossal strength than either, with a polity in the peaceful tendencies of which some would have us implicitly confide, but which an ardent patriot and deep student of German history thus warningly describes for us, when dwelling on the unchecked power of the Crown and its salaried servants in his own land: "No third estate exists powerful enough to defend the interests of the commonwealth against the encroachments of the Sovereign; and public opinion, though it may pronounce itself within certain limits, has no means of legal opposition, and must choose at every critical moment between submission to the royal will and rebellion." (Max Müller, *Chips, &c.*, vol. iii. p. 36.) Again comes the old presentiment of danger to ourselves; and the old cry, "Why are we not defended?" is sharpened by the near spectacle of two great Powers struck down successively by blows so sudden and overwhelming that no living man can tell whether Austria or France will recover in his time. The contemplation of their successive defeats has naturally turned attention to our own military weakness.

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Professional and critical writers have exhausted their strength in laying it bare, and what they may have left untouched party spirit in parliamentary debate may be trusted to supply abundantly. Bitter denunciations of remissness in our governors have awakened the retorts of those who hold all military expenditure to be waste. And while the future rulers of the land, the artisans, have condemned through their leaders the inaction of our Ministry; the middle class, who so long have controlled the Legislature, denounce beforehand the extravagances of the military spirit, and urge a foreign policy as dangerous in its tameness as the wildest scheme of intervention that has been advocated by Professor Beesly or Mr. Harrison.

The crisis, a sad spectacle to the philosophical observer, is the opportunity of professional politicians. The weak side of English Liberalism, its neglect of the national position abroad, is exposed to the assaults of sharp-tongued Conservatives. The tendency of the Conservative to build up establishments at the expense of the taxpayer forms a ready theme for the invectives of commercial-class oracles. A new French revolution produces its usual dim and blurred reflection among ourselves; and those who "aspire to lead

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the working classes," or in plain words aim at supreme power by the short and sharp mode which European democracy sanctifies in the demagogue and execrates in the imperial pretender, are loud in the meeting and strong in the press. The truths of history and the facts of human nature are made subservient to political predilections, or antiquarian prejudices; and whilst one sect would condone all blunders, errors, and weaknesses in a nation that chooses Republicanism, another is ready to forgive any Teuton severities which restore to the historically minded few who have never (in theory) abandoned them, the rights of the old Western Empire on the left of the Rhine. No idea, however Utopian, no theory, however strained, but has been applied to the struggle, and on our position in relation to it. The very music-mongers who advertise Uhlan Galops and Marseillaise Waltzes "at half the publishing price," making their market out of the great dance of death, are but satirizing unconsciously the utterances of professors, antiquarians, and even of party leaders who have sought the profit of their ideas in the war.

Amidst this din of contending forces, this Babel of opposed and often senseless cries, there seems at first no place for one who would strive to read the lessons of the time with a single eye to the advantage of his country as a thing above and separate from her governing factions. Least of all can one hope to be heard who owns himself a professional soldier with a duty that keeps him apart from politics, and a student of history, who would read the truth in its teachings regardless of party. Would any voice from outside the political world be heard that preached to our squirearchy of the dangers of keeping the rural poor in a degraded position, where their moral level is yearly sinking, whilst they see the rich above them ever growing more rich, more luxurious, and more careless of the wants of others? Or will it profit if such an one tell the yet more powerful body, the commercial and manufacturing classes, that in their growing

wealth continuous with festering pauperism and discontented labour, in the open denunciation by the artisan of the profit-monger and the capitalist, in the loosened bonds of the law which our criminal classes have outgrown, are germinating the seeds of a revolution as bloody in its working and as sterile of good results as the great movement of 1789, on which our Jacobins would model it? For those most concerned are blind to the signs: the peer has never been so far removed from the peasant's heart as now; labour and capital, single accumulation and co-operative association, never so openly hostile to one another. But those who have most to lose are often the last to scent the smouldering peril. Those whose property now blinds them to social danger will be found clinging to it, possibly only to perish helplessly with it, should the conflagration which some invoke and many dread, be kindled in the neglected recesses of our system. Cassandra to such may speak in vain in these days of smooth things, so smooth to the well-to-do who can forget the cry of the poor. Yet the terrible fact that our rural population steadily decreases, whilst the towns receive yearly some tens of thousands to herd and breed in the vice and squalor which their crowded dwellings forbid them to escape, should show the most boastful Briton who reflects but for an instant upon it, that neither party government, nor even our boasted private enterprise, has given us as yet quite all that we need at home. May not one, therefore, be right, though he be a mere military writer, who desires, while the lesson of the panic with which his own profession is concerned is fresh, to call attention to the causes of such panics, and suggest a remedy once and for all?

We must disclaim beforehand, in doing this, that "militarism" which sees in every smug citizen who is not interested in things military a representative of the Manchester school, and a natural enemy of the greatness of his country. Great Britain is an island, and is devoted to commerce; and whilst these con-

ditions exist, it is vain to expect that her commercial classes will, except under special national pressure, devote the same care to the subject we have before us as those who have seen alien armies march down their streets, or heard the story of invasion from a parent's lips. Moreover, the political superstition which leaves the existence of a standing army dependent upon an annual vote, and its discipline upon an annual Mutiny Act, is not the creation of trade, but is inherited from a squirearchy whose ancestors had felt the pressure of military despotism under the creatures of the Protector. It was a great Conservative minister who in our day gave the key-note for denunciations of a military expenditure by a party attack upon our "bloated armaments." To neither Whig nor Tory is due the blame or credit—call it what you will—for Parliament's jealous supervision of our estimates. And the party of peace pure and simple, so formidable twenty years since as to threaten to control our whole policy, has been so discredited by the hard logic of facts, that it may be left out of our view. What follows here is addressed to no section, and designed for no partisan purpose. Amidst the noise of discussion and factious attacks upon all things done or left undone, there must be many who desire to know—irrespective of politics—what it is that is really necessary to save us from panics, and why we have failed to obtain it.

Could we obtain the end sought for outside the military profession, the discussion would not be necessary. If there were a gleam of truth, however obscured, in the old proposal, lately republished by Professor Seeley, of a European republic, Tennyson's "Federation of the World" applied to our continent, where war should be laid aside for arbitration duly enforced, the one true wisdom would be to look for a practical approach to it. But when one hears of the Professor delivering himself of his scheme in lectures, and of meetings that discuss resolutions in favour of peace, one is involuntarily reminded of the sad

truth that, week by week, tens of thousands of meetings are held, and myriads of lectures spoken and written, to denounce other evils dependent on conditions just as much within human power as personal ambition or national passion. Do we not meet at such continually to hear declamations more or less eloquent, and appeals more or less touching, the object of one and all of the speakers being to warn men against the various evils of ambition, lust, avarice, and all the temptations which spring from the heart of man? Is honesty thereby established as the rule of our marts? Are our young pure, and our middle-aged free from extravagance? Does anyone propose to dispense with the policeman, the warder, and the judge, because churches and chapels abound? Professor Seeley, who has studied the working of Christian doctrines so closely, is, doubtless, well aware how many there are who revolt from them simply from impatience that they have not banished evil from the world. Reflecting on this failure to create perfection by its advocacy, it is not wonderful to find him, in suggesting his federative cure for war, admitting that "it may appear fanciful," and by implication condemning the notion of deferring in its favour any practical consideration of the subject.

But if we cannot insure universal peace, can we not, at least, insure it for ourselves? Though we may not hope to prevent wars outside us, can we not ourselves keep outside all wars? Is it not possible to avoid all complications which will bring us into hostilities with other nations? In other words, are the proposals of the old peace-at-any-price party, and its lingering representations, wholly impracticable? For if they be not proved so, we may defer the military question. Let the answer come from one who has gained the summit of political power in this country, whose sympathies have assuredly often been with the peace party, who is accused by his foes of a foreign policy formed amid Lancashire associations, feeble, time-serving, and leading us to contempt, and who yet is credited with the public

avowal, recently made, that we cannot wholly escape, if we would, the responsibilities of our national position. "We have not yet spoken of England," says the famous article in the *Edinburgh*, in reviewing the future position of Germany, "but of her we confidently hope that her hand will not be unready to be lifted up on every fit and hopeful occasion in sustaining the rest of Europe against a disturber of the public peace." If Mr. Gladstone really wrote thus of England last October, it is unnecessary to argue that whatever his predilections to peace may be, whatever his chance expressions in familiar conversation, as Premier he is fully conscious of the truth that England cannot isolate herself from foreign politics, however wisely she may strive to avoid useless embroilments.

We pass, then, to the problem of our panics and their causes, as one calling for study on its own merits. The fact of their recurrence needs no proof; to those who have observed their phases there must be present, in some form or other, the idea that beneath the reasons advanced for each are some underlying general causes to which the whole may be referred. A little consideration of the evidence will bring these out in a tangible form. The causes of our panics are simply these. All Englishmen, save an inappreciable percentage of enthusiasts, know and feel that there are certain possible complications which would bring us, at short notice, to open issue with one or more of the great military Powers. They are further aware that, as a balance to our maritime supremacy, we should almost certainly be threatened with an invasion of land-forces. They believe, generally, that our navy might, but could not always, save us from this danger. Lastly, they have an uneasy feeling that if by accident the navy failed in its task as our first line of defence, we might prove miserably unequal to the contest for the integrity of our own territory which would follow, and, after much suffering, should probably have to succumb to shameful terms, and re-enter the family of nations a humiliated and shrunken

member. It is this chain of consequences, varied of course in details, but leading to the same general result by the same general process, which runs through the minds of our countrymen, and produces a panic at every great European convulsion.

Let us follow the argument briefly through its few clauses, and we find the first resting on such authority as Mr. Gladstone's, already quoted. Since it cannot be evaded by any statesman, however pacific his temperament, who understands the position and sentiments of his country, we may safely leave it to be accepted by all ordinary politicians. If we must then lay to our account this possibility of a war against continental enemies, the question of their attempting invasion must needs be faced next, being plainly one of comparative means, and their most obvious mode of attack, whether they consult theory or precedent. The danger of trusting exclusively to a naval defence, more especially in these days of sudden and terrible inventions for purposes of war, has been so fully admitted by naval authorities themselves, and by non-professional writers, that the arguments against it need not be repeated here. So that we are brought at once to the fourth and last clause of the unconscious argument for panic, the insufficiency of our own military resources to resist serious invasion. On this it is necessary to dwell a little longer.

Napoleon collected over 100,000 men opposite our shore with the avowed design of making such an invasion. In these days of increased armaments it is but natural to assume that we should be threatened by a force of at least that number, supported possibly by false alarms elsewhere, or by subsidiary expeditions of lesser bodies. If the possibility of this threat becoming serious action be once admitted, we are brought face to face with the simple question, What have we to resist an army of 100,000 men landed complete upon our shores, to be supplemented or supported by other attacks? For if once certain that we could make the necessary resistance, we ought henceforth clearly to be safe from our panics.

Now, though our country be small, and in that view easily to be overrun by a triumphant enemy, it is so populous, and the natural spirit of its men so good, that such a force as is above mentioned could not possibly hope to subdue it if properly met. The only chances of the invader must lie in our inferior organization; and if the raw material of defence at our hands were properly prepared, he could have no reasonable hope, and we no reasonable ground for panic.

Thus far many of our readers will be agreed, but when arriving at the point of deciding on what are necessary measures, the widest divergences of opinion are found. Public opinion seems at present to resolve itself chiefly into three great sections: one, of those that hold that, aided by minor reforms, our present means of defence will be found ample; the second would have us forthwith extend our regular army considerably on something like the Prussian model; while the third would create a really national force on the Swiss pattern,—that is, enlarge it to comprehend all the fighting males of the nation. Let us look a little closely at each of these solutions of the given problem.

The first is represented fairly by the proposed bill of Mr. Cardwell, and the views it embodies. Get rid of purchase, and of county patronage, so as to make all promotions through the same authority. Endeavour gradually to work up to an army reserve by increasing short enlistments with that condition. Have your militia recruits decently drilled. Try to get the volunteers into some nearer approach to real discipline. Put regular officers in charge of the Reserve staff. Augment the proportion of field-guns. Such are the outlines of a scheme which in one direction, indeed, makes a striking abolition of an old abuse, but which in every other rather indicates the steps which should be taken to make our present organization thorough, than actually proposes to effect it. And if the questions be asked, what of the defence of the present? what of that of the future indeed, if these measures do not work practical reform?

the reply is that we have an armed force of 400,000 men in our grand total, counting-in the reserves, and that, if they be not perfect soldiers now, the training given in event of war would soon put the needful sharp edge to the high temper of Englishmen.

Now on this point it is well to be plain, even at the risk of giving offence. We often hear "the teachings of history" spoken of as a guide to the politician. If there be one thing which the history of the late winter campaign teaches in letters that he who runs may read, it is that nations must no longer put any faith in their deliverance from well-trained armies by undisciplined troops. There was a time in the memory of our grandfathers when such troops, under certain circumstances, in American coverts, were more than a match for English battalions. But the experience of the old American revolutionary war, which has misled many writers ever since into undervaluing discipline, rested entirely on one fact, which is generally overlooked by them; and this is, that troops of the line were in those days not trained to the art of skirmishing. The American settlers had learnt it instinctively in the practical experience of their Indian wars, and the result was a temporary superiority over regulars drilled solely on the old Frederick model. Borrowing from the Americans their practice, the French revolutionary armies soon gave the example which all Europe followed, and the natural superiority of the disciplined soldier over the ill-trained has been more than restored to him by the reform. Those who care to study the details of the campaign in which Prince Frederick Charles overthrew Chanzy in Brittany, may read beforehand what would happen should a large army of the most well-intentioned and high-spirited volunteers undertake to check a considerable invading force. Destitute of the cohesion and power of rallying necessary for skirmishing on a large scale, the defenders would find the boasted hedgerows and copses of our fair counties, when they strove to use them, mere traps for their own

destruction. The district which stretches from Vendôme to Le Mans is just such as might encourage the dreams of those who would oppose regular troops by the bold use of volunteer skirmishers. Broken, wooded, full of large farms with enclosed gardens, and intersected by quickset hedges, it seemed the very theatre for such a defence as courage and individual sentiment could supply. Doubtless it was some notion of this using its strength which induced Chanzy to scatter a large part of his force forward through it from Le Mans, and to skirmish with the German line on the Loir. But from the time that the latter took the offensive, the story became one series of disasters to their enemy. Continually pierced, outflanked, and driven from their lines with heavy loss at every successive stand, three days of defeat, retreat, and suffering reduced the Mobiles to such a condition that Chanzy found them unequal to holding the strong position he had laid out at Le Mans, and their brief rally there only led to panic and hasty flight. The attempt to take an active part, even in the most favourable district that France can offer, had undone all the work which at one time promised to make his Mobiles a really fighting army. And just such would be the fate of any general who, trusting to numbers, courage, and individual intelligence, should attempt the defence of an invaded English district with a mass of our so-called reserves. Were war to break out suddenly, as wars in these days are apt to do, they would be useless without the field organization and supplies, wanting which they are now confessedly mere paper forces; and when made efficient in these respects, they could only be safely used for some months afterwards in garrisons or intrenched positions. If the delusion has ever prevailed that holiday volunteering, or a month of after-harvest drilling, can supply such training as turns a recruit into an effective soldier, the experience of our neighbours during the last few months should dissipate it effectually for ever. In such a nation as ours, courage may

be claimed for the mass; but in action, courage without the cohesion of training is but another name for useless sacrifice.

If examples can help us to the truth of this matter, surely the late spectacle of half a million of armed Frenchmen, hemmed in and starved into surrender by less than one-half the number of German soldiers, should teach us to mistrust the phantasy of such proposals to defend a kingdom by raw levies. Is precept needed for this purpose? "No man," wrote England's greatest soldier in the famous letter that first called attention to this subject, "entertains a higher respect than I do for the spirit of the people of England. But unorganized, undisciplined, without systematic subordination established and well understood, this spirit, opposed to regular troops, would only expose those animated by it to confusion and destruction." So wrote Wellington to Burgoyne, twenty-four years ago, and his old comrade, surviving him through a generation, and witnessing its successive panics, now protests as emphatically in the late edition of his well-known pamphlet against the confidence in the misnamed Reserve Forces which with many, replaces the exploded trust of twenty years since in a mob of sportsmen. "It is impossible to remonstrate too strongly against the misconception of the real character of these forces, caused by this unfortunate misnomer. Before any improvement in our military means can be made, we must dismiss from our minds any idea of the militia and volunteers being available for an effective augmentation of the regular forces, until great changes are made in their organization."

It may be said by some that it is useless to quote in this matter the partial *dicta* of English professional soldiers, however respected. French experience may be declared by others inapplicable to our steadier and more trustworthy race. To the former it may be answered in the words of a distinguished volunteer, to the latter in those of a practical American soldier, Colonel Higginson, words that in their simple truth are better than any laboured argument:

"Small points are not merely a matter of punctilio, for the more perfectly a battalion is drilled on the parade-ground, the more quietly it can be handled in action. Moreover, the great need of uniformity is this, that in the field soldiers of different companies, and even of different regiments, are liable to be intermingled, and a diversity of order may throw everything into confusion. Confusion means Bull Run." Every word that Colonel Higginson here writes for Americans applies with equal force to our Reserves; only we should not have three years allowed us to repair the loss of our Bull Run.

Those who desire to enlarge their knowledge of this subject can do no better than study it for themselves in the pages of a pamphlet recently published by an officer¹ distinguished alike for practical acquirements and high scientific training. They will discover then, if they knew it not before, that our present expenditure, aiming at numbers without regard to quality, succeeds admirably in producing large paper estimates of the number of our forces, but that the general on whom it lay to meet the invader would have to do it with a genuine field force about 60,000 strong, barely equal to two of the seventeen corps of the new German Empire's army!

To abolish purchase may be an excellent thing. We are of those who think that the strong division of opinion which it causes between the profession and the nation, should make every patriotic soldier desire its rapid extinction. But, abolished or existing, it does not touch the root of the matter. Our present system is too vitally weak and unsound to be made trustworthy by patching.

But why not change it for that of Switzerland, so cheap and yet so national?

Professor Cairnes, in a recent admirable article, has elaborately advocated such a scheme, and this alone would justify our

noticing it. Switzerland is the only country of the world where every citizen that can bear arms is really said to be made a soldier of. *Jeder Schweizer ist wehrpflichtig* is the principle on which the system of the Bund rests; and as a net result it gives an army of 200,000 militia of excellent material, but only partially trained as soldiers, with some well-taught staff-officers, at an expense about that caused us by our volunteers. But short and well-managed as the training is, and cheap as the results are, there are two very sufficient reasons which have caused the Swiss system, after careful consideration, to be rejected elsewhere—as in Bavaria, for example—and which make it utterly inapplicable to ourselves. In the first place, it cannot be enforced in a free country, except under the excitement of patriotic sentiment, kept constantly alive by the immediate vicinity of ambitious neighbours, vastly more powerful. And, when completely maintained, it gives an effective defence against raids or violations of frontier, such as lately occurred, but is confessedly inadequate to meet the invasion of large regular armies. Separated as we are by the sea from the warlike sights and sounds of the Continent, we cannot hope in this country to awake the necessary spirit; nor, if awakened, could the vast mass of organized militia which would be produced among us, meet the real wants of our nation. The strain of the Swiss system applied to us would be great; the results unwieldy in size, and indifferent in composition. This question Sir L. Simmons, writing with special knowledge of the Swiss organization, has elaborately examined, and to his arguments it is only necessary for us to add that it is upon deliberate reflection and observation that the minor German States, when independent, adopted the Prussian rather than the Swiss model, which, after 1866 especially, had very warm advocates among them.

Can we, then, as the last alternative, make use of this famous Prussian model to which all Europe now looks

¹ "The Military Forces of Great Britain." By Major-General Sir L. Simmons, K.C.B. London: Mitchell.

admirably? Can we turn our battalions into bodies of which one-third of the body is draughted off every year into a real reserve, a reserve from which the rank and file could be in a moment doubled or trebled? And having formed such a reserve, can we hope to retain the men within call; we, whose free customs forbid the use of the bureaucratic pressure which arranges all this in Prussia? Sir L. Simmons has answered this question satisfactorily, and deserves the credit due to its careful solution. He has solved it by following, perhaps unconsciously, the vein of thought opened out long since by the *Spectator*, which journal, to its honour be it said, first drew attention to the possibility of effective enlistment in this English land of ours, by using wholly the English mode of simple engagement—raising, of course, the pay so as to command the necessary market. Unskilled labour is shown in his essay to be obtainable in any reasonable quantity by paying the soldier about a shilling a day more than he now receives. A fee of £10 a year or so would keep up the reserve, who would of course be trained at intervals. If service in the ranks for the infantry were three years, and in the reserve nine, four hundred soldiers ready at call, but only partly with the colours, would, according to Sir L. Simmons's estimate, cost £8,371, against £20,184, the present expense of maintaining four hundred privates. Pensions and reserve-force votes being gradually dropped, a financial reform would be the final result; while, at need, a genuine army of 250,000 strong, in which every man was able-bodied, and thoroughly trained, could be put into the field on the first threat of invasion. Even should his financial view be rather oversanguine, as Sir L. Simmons properly observes, "the result will be true economy, by converting our present ineffective army into one which, with its reserves, will be ready at all times, and fully equal to any work the country may require it to perform. Difficulties will be encountered," he adds, "in bringing about so great a change; but

it is to be observed that difficulties are inseparable from all organic changes."

"The first step, however, towards the establishment of our military forces on a firm and sound basis is to come to a clear understanding as to what is absolutely necessary to build up a well-defined scheme to meet the wants of the case, and then to work up gradually to that scheme, making all changes to conform to it, and taking care during the process, that the interests of the country are as effectually guarded as circumstances will permit."

And with a view, let us add, to guarding these effectually at once, the adoption of this scheme, with its control of the unskilled-labour market, would enable the War Minister at once to create a considerable reserve by voluntary discharges of soldiers now in the ranks, re-enlisting them for the reserve on the new terms, and filling up their places with recruits. As to the financial difficulty, which Sir L. Simmons deprecates, it seems to us of the least importance, since his plan may be carried out very completely on a lesser scale than he proposes. The reserve being formed at once as far as possible, the number of men with the colours might be kept lower than the 65,000 of the line which he recommends, and his whole estimated force in and out of the ranks be fixed at one-third or one-fourth less than the quarter of a million, with perfect safety to the country.

Without committing ourselves wholly to the author's details (indeed on some points, as the total abolition of the volunteer force, we differ wholly with him) we commend his scheme earnestly to that public consideration which it seems to deserve, as the only complete proposal yet put forward for re-organization, which, without trenching needlessly on vexed questions and vested rights, solves the problem on clear and broad principles. It may be justified indeed by the soundest considerations, as the following remarks are designed to show.

(1.) It is a just scheme, as its author

(pp. 72, 73) very fairly urges—just to the country, because it would give proper recruits to the army instead of the weak bodies and scampish characters who are now accepted, to our shame, by the hundred; just to the individual, because those who now really volunteer from the right motives, and prove efficient soldiers, have to give up part of the wages which they might almost certainly have earned in civil life. The pension that at present aids to lure them, it may be added, is often lost by their breaking down before the twenty-one years' service has expired.

(2.) It is a really national scheme. It appeals to the ordinary free habits of Englishmen, and puts the military service, with its special attractions, before them as one that invites them to close with its offer without any sense of pecuniary loss or personal degradation. The principle of a fair day's wages for a fair day's work is its moving spring, and this, if professions mean anything, is what all parties desire for our working classes.

(3.) It is an admirable military scheme. For not only does it promise efficient physical service, but if fairly worked, it will give commanding officers so complete a means of excluding or weeding out bad characters, that the army might be made a training school of morality, as it now is of habits of order and strict obedience. As to the officers, the steady work imposed upon them would, purchase or no purchase, raise our standard of efficiency for all, and rid us completely of the mere loungeur.

Lastly, it is a practical scheme for the grand object in view. A Ministry that adopted it on principle, and began to work up to it at once, would soon see the country so secure that no peril, even that tremendous one of a coalition of Great Powers to put down our advocacy of freedom, would be able to frighten us, or tinge our policy with meanness.

Commending itself thus strongly to all interested, is it too much to hope that some Minister may see in its principles that true democratising of the army, and that real national security of

which we hear so much, and may at least fairly offer it to the acceptance of a Legislature which, if often divided and halting on minor issues, has gone with wonderful directness to the passing of the greater measures laid before it?

Sir L. Simmons's own plea may here fitly close our notice of his invaluable work: "There can be little doubt that Parliament would grant the necessary means for remodelling our military forces on any scheme which was simple and intelligible to the whole country, and definite in its principles and scope; it is the want of a clear enunciation of such principles which has made the country feel that every addition to its military expenditure has only been so much money sunk without an adequate return. The scheme suggested in the foregoing pages is an attempt to meet the demands of the country, and involves no insuperable difficulties. From it several moot questions of organization and administration have been carefully excluded, because all such questions are subordinate to the great and urgent one of obtaining a sufficient force of able-bodied men, thoroughly trained and disciplined, and commanded by well-instructed and experienced officers, ready for service in the field at the shortest notice."

With this statement of its purpose, we commend the essay to the study of all who desire to meet with a complete solution of our military difficulties. We have shown our panics to have become a chronic disease, for the simple reason that their cause remains untouched. Like a patient enfeebled by the consciousness of weakness, our nation has shrunk of late from every cold blast. Happy the statesman who, instead of postponing the day of cure, shall, with a bold and skilful hand, apply the remedy! Peace is the time for re-organization. All history tells us that it is ever deferred in the press and hurry of war. A statesman-like remedy once applied on such principles as those here indicated, the panics that have swept over us will become a story of the past.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PATTY'S REASON.

HE stood leaning against the porch. What did he care for Mr. Beaufort? Just then he would like to have proclaimed Patty false to all the world.

The Rector felt extremely uncomfortable. He knew that Mr. Whitmore had seen him; he could not retreat, but he scarcely knew how to act.

"How very awkward. Dear, dear me! Why, he was holding that girl's hand just now. I'm afraid there has been something more than portrait painting here. It is my duty to say something. How very troublesome."

"Good morning," said Paul, as he came up. "You'll only find Patty in," he added, "her father is not here."

Mr. Beaufort was completely taken aback by such coolness, but still it seemed as if he must say something.

"Are you painting Martha?" he said, gravely.

"No; I've been talking to her."

The Rector coughed and looked away; those fiery dark eyes were sending most challenging looks at him.

Paul still stood quietly leaning against the porch, and whistled.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. — Whitmore; will you favour me with five minutes' talk outside the gate?"

Indignation at what seemed to him defiant insolence had given the Rector courage.

Paul bowed and followed him beyond the gate to the corner of the lane.

"Excuse what I am going to say, Mr. Whitmore. You know I must look after my own people, and though no doubt it is very amusing to you to talk to a simple village girl, you must remember that you are perhaps doing her a great harm." Here the Rector

suddenly remembered Patty's improved fortunes, and he felt as if he were telling a falsehood, and moreover that the case was entirely altered. But then—for the meaning of Mrs. Fagg's hints was clear now—this acquaintance must have been going on some days, and, moreover, it was scarcely probable that Mr. Whitmore knew of Patty's changed estate.

"It is nothing but mere idle folly," he said to himself, irritably, "but very reprehensible, and I've no doubt this young man is in the habit of such intimacies. I hate them."

"I shall not have a chance of doing her any more harm." Paul's laugh puzzled the Rector, it sounded so bitter. "I am leaving Ashton to-day. I meant to call at the Rectory, but if you will permit me I will say good-bye to you here, and thank you for your kind hospitality. Good-bye."

"What a very extraordinary person!" and it seemed to the Rector, as Paul Whitmore passed on rapidly up the lane, that he himself had decidedly got the worst of the encounter. The stately dignity of the artist's parting words had fairly taken the Rector's breath away.

Paul literally strode on as if he were treading out the fire of his passion on the loose sandy soil; his firm steps sent it flying as he hurried along. He meant to go back to the inn, pay his reckoning, and then leave the village without delay. He would not stay one unnecessary minute in Ashton.

At the end of the lane, playing there, in the act of climbing up the steep bank by the help of one of the gnarled roots, was the boy whose sister Paul had helped last night.

"Please, sir, is you coming to see Lottie?" the boy said.

Paul had a tender place in his heart for children, and he remembered his

promise to the little pale Lottie as she lay on the bed.

He turned to the right instead of to the left, and passed quickly through the village on his way to the cottage. It seemed as if he could not give thought a moment—he could only move.

He lifted the gate latch, but no one came out, and then he rapped on the half-open door within.

"Come in," said in a quiet voice.

Paul went in, and started back in surprise. The mother was not there, but Nuna Beaufort was sitting in a low chair with Lottie on her lap.

The warm blood came rushing to her face, and then she smiled and held out her hand.

"I believe you must be the 'good gentleman' Lottie is talking about. Her mother sent down to the Rectory for something for bruises, so I came to see what was the matter. Poor old Lottie, she had a sad tumble, hadn't she?"

She bent over the child and kissed her, glad to hide her own blushes.

"I'm glad of the chance of saying good-bye to you," said Paul, which was not true. Just then he hated every one, women above all.

"Are you going away?" said Nuna. "You will see my father, I hope, before you go. I am sorry he has been so taken up with this business of Patty Westropp's. I know he meant to have called on you."

Mr. Whitmore's words seemed to Nuna to take away the last little bit of sunshine left in her life.

But he was thinking only of Patty. What was this business? In it might be the secret of her caprice.

"I met Mr. Beaufort just now. Is Patty Westropp in trouble, then?"

"Well, no, hardly trouble." Nuna smiled, and Paul felt as if he would like to shake the words out of her. "And yet I believe her change of fortune may cause her more trouble than she would have found in poverty. She has had money left her—quite a large fortune, I believe—so I shall have my wish after all, and see how pretty Patty looks dressed like a lady."

"A fortune left Patty!"

Nuna looked up quickly at the changed tone. Mr. Whitmore had turned pale to whiteness.

"Yes; I believe it is no secret. My father told me yesterday that the property left was worth more than fifty thousand pounds. Will it not be a great change for Patty?"

Paul murmured an indistinct answer, then he shook hands mechanically with Nuna, and went out of the cottage as fast as he could.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FLITTING.

THREE days after Mr. Whitmore's sudden departure Roger gave up service at the Rectory. Mr. Beaufort had been able to find a likely substitute.

When the Rector asked if Patty had begun to make any plans for the future, Roger answered sullenly that he believed there was something afoot, but he gave no hint that they were likely to quit the cottage.

"I shall go down to-morrow and see Patty again," Mr. Beaufort stood watching Roger as he passed slowly out through the iron gate. "She must not be left to fight her own battle with Roger; I'm afraid he's a thorough miser."

The troubled look had not left Roger's face when he reached his cottage door.

He looked round the poor bare room with a restless, yearning glance, until his eyes settled on the two brass candlesticks.

"Patty!" There was no answer, and he went to the bottom of the little staircase. "Patty, I say!"

"I'm busy; you must wait, father."

The cloud on Roger's face deepened.

"It's working already," he muttered; "she were always stiff-necked, and now there'll be no turnin' her no way." He went back into the little room, took down the two candlesticks and set them on the table; there came a half-sneer at himself while he did it. "God knows I ain't one for fancies and extravagance, but she chose these herself and

bought 'em, and I don't mean to part from 'em. I don't reckon they'd fetch above a trifle."

There was a cupboard in the wall near the fireplace, and from this he took an old newspaper and tore it in two.

Patty came in before he had finished; she had her hat and cloak on, and there was an unusual excitement in her deep blue eyes.

"Going to light candles, father? Well, I never! Why, we shall be off before 'tis quite dark, and there was only two candles left, and they're packed up."

Roger lifted up his head, and looked at his daughter from under his grey bushy brows.

"Let me be, lass, will ye? unless ye lend a hand in parcelling up these to go along of us."

"You can't take the candlesticks, father, they're not ours any longer; I saw they was marked down in the valuing book, when Mr. Brown showed it me."

The shaggy brows knit closely, but an angry light gleamed through them.

"You saw your dead mother's goods marked down for sale and you let 'em stand in the book, did ye? I'd not have believed it of you, Patty, if any one but yourself had sworn to it."

Patty stared in utter wonder. It was not easy to surprise her; her quickness had hitherto got the start of the wits of those among whom she lived; but a sentiment in her father was as unexpected as a gift.

"I never give a thought to their being mother's; I mind now you told me so, but Mr. Brown said he was to reckon up everything in the place. Why?"— she smiled till it seemed as if there must be more worthy spectators than those four dull walls and the tall, stern, grey man beside the table to gaze on such exquisite sweetness—"I thought he was going to enter my bonnet-box and all. But look here, father, let me do 'em up for you, and you can make it right with Miss Patience to-night; she'll tell Mr. Brown."

Her father pushed the plump pink hands away.

"Go and see after the baggage; I'd liefer see to these myself. Will ye be done by the time I bring the cart round?"

Patty nodded and tripped away; she almost danced. It had not seemed possible to believe in her new life while the old husk of former scenes and habits was unchanged; and moreover that parting interview with Mr. Whitmore had been a sore trial.

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," she had said to herself, and Miss Coppock had come over again, and had praised her warmly for her wisdom; but it was hard to lose a real lover so soon. Patty's feelings as well as her vanity had told her Paul's love was real. Still one event had succeeded another so rapidly in this short time that she had had no leisure for regret, and in the excitement of to-night this trouble had faded out of sight. Patty felt that she was taking her first steps in life, and her excitement was heightened by the mystery which Miss Coppock had prescribed.

"Go away in the evening, my dear," Patience had said, "without any fuss or leave-takings, and then you can't be worried with questions you don't mean to answer."

All the information vouchsafed to Mr. Brown, the broker from Guildford, had been that Roger Westropp wanted to sell his old furniture, and would like to know how much he ought to have for it.

Patty ran upstairs for the last time, gave one comprehensive look round the bare room, and then came down with the only valuable she possessed.

It was one of those circular wooden boxes, with oilcloth top and a strap, a present from Miss Coppock when Patty gave up her service.

"I dare say now," the girl thought, "before a month's over I shall laugh at myself for troubling about such poor fineries and trinkets. I might have given them to Jane for a keepsake; but I don't mean to give anything up till I've got its value in exchange." She went to the door and called to Roger.

"I'm ready now, father; we'd best be moving."

She had assumed an independence which grew daily. Roger, as yet, had not found words to resent it openly, but he was more silent and sullen than ever.

Even now, as he harnessed the horse, his heart was full of foreboding. Was he doing wisely or well in quitting this quiet roof, where he had been safe if not satisfied, to travel out into the world with a girl of whom he seemed to know as little as of some stranger? And the puzzle of the matter to Roger was that he was doing all this against his will, at the bidding of a woman and a girl. Miss Coppock and Patty, even while they seemed to consult him, had, he felt, settled all as they wished. His brains were too deep in calculating how to expend the least possible portion of Patty's fortune, to see that this fortune was, after all, the magnet that was drawing him from his quiet home. Patty had told him that she meant to go to school abroad—it would be cheaper all ways; but she should get a few months of London teaching first. He wished now he had stood firm. Why could he not have placed her at once in safe-keeping, and have stayed behind in the cottage? But Patty had become to Roger an embodiment of her money, and this was only a momentary thought. He must not leave Patty; he must watch over her personally if he would secure Watty's pounds from being squandered or stolen.

Everything was in the cart at last, and they drove away in the dim light. The cow had been sold to the butcher, and even this had been managed so as to give no rise to suspicion; there never had been cat or dog in the cheerless home. They drove away in silence, only the crickets chirped louder in the stillness, as if glad to be rid of their fellow-inhabitants.

Roger looked more than once over his shoulder till the cottage became lost in indistinctness. But Patty's eyes were fixed steadfastly forward; she was longing to meet the future she felt so sure

of—the future she had already pictured without one cloud to dim its brightness.

They were to sleep at Miss Coppock's, and then to start early, before the town was awake, for London. Miss Coppock had lodged once in the Old Kent Road, and she thought it would be a quiet out-of-the-way place for the Westropp's; a place where Patty might effect the transformation she wished in her outward appearance without observation, and where Roger could live as quietly and cheaply as he chose. When Patty had equipped herself in a suitable fashion—and she was to take to town with her a costume devised by Miss Patience's own fingers—she was to betake herself to a teacher likewise recommended by this indefatigable friend.

All this had been settled beforehand; but when Patty arrived at Miss Coppock's she was at once conducted with much formality to her own room, and there her friend recapitulated the whole programme.

"You don't seem satisfied, dear," she said; for the rich red lips pouted in a drooping fashion.

"Well, no, I'm not. Why can't I, when I'm dressed like a young lady, go to a regular first-rate school, the very best there is to be had for money, instead of sneaking off to an out-of-the-way place like this Kent Road?"

Miss Coppock smiled coaxingly.

"Well, you know, dear, it all depends on yourself how long you stay with Miss Finch; and besides, she does not live there, only near it. But she can teach you all sorts of things—how to move, and how to curtsy, and how to come into a room. And, my dear Patty, though of course when you get to school you'll be prettier than any one else there, and be thought more of no doubt, still these outside affairs are most important; and if you have not the same kind of manner in all these little things as the rest of the pupils, depend upon it they'll suspect, and once they suspect they'll give you no peace till they've found you out."

Patty smiled, and tossed her head.

"I don't think people will get any-

thing out of me I don't choose to tell 'em."

"There, Patty, there it is; that's exactly what Miss Finch will do for you. Before you've been with her a fortnight you'll never think of saying 'em,' or tossing your head so pertly."

Patty coloured up.

"Don't you be afraid, Miss Patience. I mean to spend a little time in a French school, and then in a German one; I've learned about them in novels. It won't matter whether I get to talk foreign languages or not, so long as I can say I've been there, and the travelling will teach me more than a school will."

"Ah well, my dear, you'll see." Patience Coppock was thinking that Patty had grown scrupulous since she left her service; in those days she had not always confined herself to assertions founded on fact. "I hope you'll sleep well," she said. "You have quite settled then about your new name."

"Yes, quite; do try and forget I ever was called Patty: I'm Elinor Martha Latimer."

And that night among her fevered dreams the girl seemed to hear Paul Whitmore, calling "Patty, Patty, do you love me?" and the sound grew sweeter as she listened.

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE STUDIO.

A MAN sat reading by lamplight in a large, dim, old-fashioned room in St. John Street—reading intently loose sheets of manuscript. His face was closely bent over the pages; both elbows were planted on the table, and the hands belonging to the elbows had buried themselves in the mane of hair that almost reached the reader's shoulders.

Not being able to see his face, the eye turned to take a survey of the room, so far as the dim light revealed it.

It was square and well-proportioned, a wide bay window faced the door, and on the right from the window there was a high quaint fire-place, with carved mantelshelf and piers in red marble;

facing the fire-place was a rambling, well-filled bookcase. The ceiling was ornamented, like the mantelshelf, with scrolls and flowers; the high wainscot, beneath the pale green walls, was richly carved, as were also the panels of the doors and shutters.

Mr. Stephen Pritchard had lit his reading lamp, but he had not thought it necessary to shut out the twilight. He sat with his back to it at a library table of carved oak. Another table stood between the door and the fire-place, and on this was a small easel and a collection of "properties" in the way of colour-tubes, brushes, &c., which spoke of another branch of Art than that practised by Mr. Pritchard. Looking round the room in the dim light, there were easels in different parts of it, with pictures on them in various stages, and the walls showed plaster casts in abundance on shelves and brackets. Against the wainscot were portfolios reaching nearly the length of the room, some orderly and neatly tied, but the greater number over-filled and bulging. A huge square artist's "throne" stood in the middle of the room, and on this was a carved oak chair, with crimson velvet back and cushion. In the dark far-away corners more than one lay figure showed phantom-like and ghastly.

Mr. Pritchard got up abruptly and began to walk, or rather roll, up and down the room, with both hands in his pockets.

His face was not pleasant to look at; it was sleepy and sensual. Just now, with all his sandy-coloured hair standing up on end, and his lower lip drooping heavily, he looked like a despairing satyr.

"Confound it! it won't do. If I sit up all night, I must work it out better."

The door opened, and in came Paul Whitmore. He put his hat down on the table and seated himself as if he were at home.

He looked thinner and older than he did at Ashton, graver too, but he smiled at Pritchard's appearance.

"I say, old fellow, you're just in condition for Absalom; no, you're not

young or handsome enough. By Jove! I tell you what you'd do for exactly—the Apostate in the Pilgrim's Progress, dragged along, as you may remember, by his hair. Oh dear, I'm dead beat this evening."

"I should very much like to know what you are dead beat about. Bodily fatigue is all nonsense; take a nap if you're tired, and get over it. You painters don't know what real labour is." Mr. Pritchard took out his pipe and began to fill it.

"Why," Paul laughed, in a good-humoured teasing way, "do you suppose we never tire our brains over our work?"

"Brains! I should like to see you put a strain on yours, my good fellow. As to a painter working his brains, it's a mere fiction. You're observing, I'll own, and you reflect on what you see, and digest, and modify, and reconstruct, and all the rest of the processes which some of your *confrères* are so eloquent on, but you have always something tangible to go on; you don't create a Venus out of the ocean of mere thought. Don't talk to me about mental fatigue, there's a good fellow."

The pipe was lit by this time. Pritchard settled himself in an easy-chair and smoked in silence.

Paul was laughing heartily. He leaned back in a lazy, graceful attitude, looking at his friend, the long slender fingers of one hand twisting his moustache.

"Did you eat boiled beef for dinner, old fellow? Your digestion is plainly disturbed. I tell you what, Stephen;" he grasped both arms of his chair and sat upright—"I'm serious, mind you—if I haven't your genius and creative power, or whatever you call it, I've got the faculty of taking care of myself. I don't go on using my mental machine when the tire has got broken off the wheel by constant friction, so that there is the risk of splitting up the whole concern on the stones. You may book that idea; I make you a present of it. Now listen, I've not done. You are used up, my dear fellow. Lock up all those

papers—you've worked at them till they have made you bilious—come out with me to-morrow and we'll get a few hours of fresh air."

"In November!" Pritchard shivered.

"Well, but it's not November weather; it has been too warm all day for a fire: so I fancy we should find it very pleasant at Richmond, or on the river."

"The river! no, thank you. I know I'm bilious; the very sight of the water shimmering and quivering in the sunshine would do for me altogether."

Paul looked at him, and he thought he seemed really ill.

"I told you how it would be when you persisted in staying in London this autumn through all the heat."

"Don't you talk; I can't say your country excursion did you much good. I never saw any one more thoroughly out of sorts than you were when you came back, Master Paul—ill and cranky, and as disagreeable as you could be; and yet it seems to me you must have taken a good two months' holiday. I've seen nothing worth speaking of in the way of sketches, though."

Paul whistled. He got up and lit a gaselier which hung in front of a tin reflector near one of the easels.

"I didn't go into the country to sketch—I never do; health, rest, and enjoyment are the objects I seek, you exacting grumbler."

"You grumbled enough when you came back from Scotland," said Mr. Pritchard, lazily; and as Paul had no answer ready, there was silence for a time in the studio.

Paul could not have contradicted his friend. Nuna Beaufort's words had sent him from Ashton in a tempest of furious anger. In the new light thrown on Patty's conduct he could no longer indulge the slightest hope of winning her. It had been no caprice, no trifling, that had made her reject his love, only calm deliberate worldliness. She had never changed, because she had never loved him. She had listened to him because she was ambitious, and now that she no longer needed help to mount in the social scale she wanted to

be rid of him. All this he told himself over and over again on his way to Edinburgh.

He had left the cottage in a chaos of struggling feeling. He went mechanically back to London and thence to Scotland, without attempting to quiet himself by reason or any self-communing. He went rapidly from place to place, seemingly intent on seeing as much as he could in the shortest time it could be seen in; but his mind was so filled that he gleaned but a vague impression of the scenes on which his eyes rested. He was trying to fly from the thought of Patty, and yet she never left him.

He could not stay in any place. No wonder he brought back empty sketch-books. He travelled incessantly, trying to blot out the haunting bitter thought, scorning himself for dwelling on the memory of her loveliness, and yet when he came home his first task was to put her face on canvas—"Perdita" he called the picture; but no one who had seen Patty Westropp could fail to recognize her portrait.

Nearly three months since he left Ashton, and the wound still smarted. He told himself that he detested the mean mercenary girl who had so deceived him, but yet every now and then a keen wild desire to go down and see her took possession of him; if he had not had pressing work in the shape of commissions to execute, he must have gone.

"I say, Paul, you are right; I am used up"—Mr. Pritchard took his pipe out of his mouth; he gathered up his manuscript and locked it in his desk—"I shall go down to my cousin Will's to-morrow. Will you come?"

Paul Whitmore started; his thoughts just then were at the cottage near Carving's Wood Lane. He had almost said Yes, but he resisted the temptation. If he did go to Ashton he certainly did not want to go in company with his friend, and, above all, he did not mean to go and stay at Gray's Farm. There was some satisfaction in knowing that Stephen would hear all the news that

was to be learned in Ashton, and that he would be back again soon to retail it.

"No, thank you; if I tell you the truth, I don't think your cousin would care particularly to see me; I can't say I made a favourable impression."

"Perhaps old Will was afraid you might make a too favourable impression at the Rectory. It is four years now since I was down; but if that youngest Beaufort has grown up according to promise, she ought to be charming."

"Yes, she is rather nice-looking," Paul spoke abruptly, almost savagely; he hated to be reminded of Nuna, and the pain her words had given him. He went on busily with a charcoal drawing, in which moon and clouds and a stormy sea were the actors.

"Nice-looking!" Mr. Pritchard had been smoking again, and now he took his pipe out of his mouth. "I feel certain she snubbed you, Paul. Nice-looking! I never saw such eyes as she had. I shall soon find out by what she says what she thinks of you, my fine fellow."

"Miss Beaufort has certainly forgotten my existence," said Paul, carelessly, and no more was said about Ashton.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT ASHTON.

MR. PRITCHARD went down to Gray's Farm, but two rainy days proved a great trial for his patience. He was too much of an invalid to adopt Will's costume and go tramping about all day, sometimes knee-deep in mud and slush, and he found the quiet but incessant stream of his aunt's confidences worse than the London fog he had left in St. John Street. It stupefied him, and he went back to town bearing an invitation for himself and his friend to spend the week after Christmas at the farm.

Mrs. Bright had given this invitation impulsively, and had suffered much inward misgiving in confessing her indiscretion to Will.

He was more angry than she expected—so angry that she began to fumble

for her pocket handkerchief. "I surely am your mother, Will," she said.

"And you have every right to invite your friends and mine too, but this Mr. Whitmore is no friend of ours. Why, you have never seen him."

There was a blustering sound in her son's voice, and his face was very red indeed.

"Oh dear me!"—Mrs. Bright laughed nervously,—"how jealous men are! But you may make your mind quite easy about Nuna, Will; your cousin says Mr. Whitmore don't admire her at all—thinks nothing of her."

"How dare he speak a word against her!" thundered Will. He got up and shook himself as if, like the children, he felt "the black dog on his back," and for once his mother was glad when he went away.

"I'm afraid he and Nuna don't get on," she said. "Poor dear Will!"

In reality Mr. Bright's courtship had been at a standstill, although he had no intention of giving up his hopes. He stayed away some weeks from the Rectory to give Nuna time to come round, and when he at last went there, he put such a strong constraint on his looks and his manner that Nuna was relieved. She felt persuaded that her old friend had given up his love, and that they should gradually subside into their former relations.

It was a help to Will's self-control that he never found Nuna alone. Miss Matthews was always with her; and Miss Matthews had good reasons of her own for encouraging the young farmer's visits, and made herself specially agreeable to him. She had the faculty of pretty talk—talk which compelled an answer that the tongue could frame without troubling the brains to aid it; talk with nothing in it to remember, and yet which soothed Will's anxiety.

And Miss Matthews helped him in yet another way. Nuna was so weary of her cousin's prattle, of these long days of forced companionship, without one grain of sympathy in it, that she began to look for Will's visits as a relief from the monotony. Nuna was utterly weary of Miss Matthews.

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Her chief comfort lay in the fact that Elizabeth had a long-standing engagement to spend Christmas with an old aunt who was likely to remember her in her will, and Nuna knew well that this attraction would prove irresistible. She was unobservant, but she was gifted with the mental sensitiveness of a blind person; her instincts helped her; she might seem blind, but these, like the long antennæ of some insects, were truer sentinels than mere eyes would have been. And yet, truly as these instincts served her, Nuna was strangely blind to the empire which her cousin was quietly and surely establishing over Mr. Beaufort. She was so troubled by the orderly restraints which had come over her erratic habits, and by Elizabeth's constant presence, that she grew more and more self-absorbed. Mr. Beaufort sometimes shared their walks, and then he and Elizabeth talked, and Nuna found herself free to wander on before them. Once or twice she had wondered at the interest with which her father and her cousin listened to each other, but she had soon forgotten anything but the subject of her own meditation.

The subject of most young women's reveries, although it may differ in matter, yet is almost always a forecasting of the future.

A common-place girl thinks, and perhaps plans the best way of getting a husband; a lofty-minded damsel how she may lay out the coming years for the benefit of others; and between these two are an infinity of rainbow tints. Nuna was free from the grovelling thoughts, and also from the more transcendental ideas. She must be intensely happy, and she must be loved. She mused on the future, and that which it might hold for her. It was to her a far off, strange country, yet one which she must surely visit; and burning through these misty indefinite visions with a steady clear light was the ardent longing for sympathy—the sympathy of a heart that could understand her own—strong helpful sympathy on which she could lean, for love and guidance too, for Nuna lacked self-reliance. She would

have been startled if she had known how the memory of Paul Whitmore mingled with her visions till it was becoming an integral part of them. She had striven hard at first to forget him. Without a distinct consciousness she felt that the thought of this stranger troubled her peace; but all unknowingly, the strong loving guide who was to pilot her through rocks and shoals in the future took more and more each day the qualities which Nuna attributed to Paul Whitmore. Whether she loved Paul himself, or the ideal she had created, matters little; probably few women who love truly ever see the beloved as he really is. And then comes the puzzling question, which is the reality? May he not for ever have a different personality—one for those who love him, and one for those who look on him with cold or indifferent eyes?

It is so strange to think of Nuna at this time—so weak in the ignorance of her strength, so wholly unconscious of the trials lying in her onward path—that I feel tempted to pause and take one long look at the graceful girl with her fair transparent face and dark loving eyes, looking always for that which she could not see.

Life had rather stagnated at Ashton since Roger Westropp and Patty had gone away so strangely and mysteriously. The Rector's surprise had been unbounded. He had been at the pains of driving into Guildford to make inquiry of Miss Coppock, but the dressmaker professed complete ignorance. She had heard nothing of the Westropps since their departure, she said; and the village had wondered for a while, and then the Rector's new gardener had taken the cottage, and all had gone on as though the Westropps had never existed.

Dennis Fagg wondered still, after his own fashion, as to what had become of Patty.

"The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life," he said; "I don't suppose there is such another."

"I'm sorry to call you a fool; but it does us all good to hear the truth, Dennis," Mrs. Fagg flushed at her own

plain speaking. "Patty Westropp might have prettiness—I'll never say she hadn't; but what's that? It's just the difference between a blacked boot and a patent leather; when the one gets cracked and shabby, there's no putting a new face on it, as there is on t'other. I tell you there's no wear in Patty Westropp; they may make a fine lady of her, but they can't put a heart into her bosom. But you men don't care for heart, not you. It's not in a man's nature to see that the rind is just what's thrown away and thought nothing of in anything but a woman, though it's no more real worth in her than it is in an orange or a turnip."

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. BEAUFORT'S DINNER.

CHRISTMAS came and went; Miss Matthews said good-bye to the Rectory, and Nuna was as blithe as a bird. It was delightful to be free again; restraint made her dull at once, and dullness to Nuna was the worst evil of life.

The air was frosty enough to cheer and give a sort of exhilarating dance to the spirits, but there was no nipping cold. Nuna was busy gathering Christmas roses for the dinner-table. Mr. Jenkins the curate, and his wife, and the Brights were expected.

"I hope I shall get through the dinner all right," she thought. "If I have Mrs. Bright I don't care so much; everybody laughs at her, and then my mistakes pass unnoticed."

She had grown interested in her work—a most artistic grouping of winter berries with the lovely, pure, yellow-taselled blossoms of Christmas-rose, and she had forgotten all else. Just before luncheon her father's voice at a distance startled her, it was so full of vexation; the sound came nearer, at last into the dining-room where she was.

"Nuna, Nuna! Oh, here you are; really, I must say you are too tiresome. Why, you have let the fire out in this room too." Here Mr. Beaufort made

that indescribably provoking noise which is supposed to express dissatisfaction. "To-day, when you know the servants are extra busy, you really might have given a look to the fires, and when you knew, too, that my throat was uncomfortable last night. My study fire is out, quite out; there's not a spark."

Nuna looked disturbed.

"I'll go and light it," she said.

"You light it! You could not light a fire, Nuna, or do anything else that is useful and domestic. Tell Jane to do it. I must go and put my great-coat on again, I suppose; it really is too trying."

"Oh, how horribly stupid of the fire!" groaned Nuna, while her father went to fetch his coat. "I quite forgot; and now I shall be lectured for the rest of the day—just as if I could be expected to think of everything while I was doing those fidgety flowers."

Mr. Beaufort came back, and sat down shivering. He felt very irritable; he had walked himself into a glow, and now, instead of reaping any advantage therefrom, he knew he should get a chill by sitting down in a cold room. He need not have sat down; he might have walked in the garden till the fire was lighted, but he wished to punish Nuna, by making a martyr of himself. He felt thoroughly vexed, for the second time this morning. Just before he reached the Rectory he had met Will Bright.

"I don't know what to do," said Will; "my cousin Stephen is coming down to-day, instead of waiting till the end of the week, and it will scarcely do to leave him the first evening."

The Rector did not like the little he had seen of Mr. Pritchard, but he never failed in hospitality.

"Bring him, of course; we have not seen him for years, and he has become a great man in the way of fame since we saw him."

"Thank you; I know he was very sorry to miss seeing you when he came down in November. But he is not coming down alone; that artist friend of his is coming too, not to us,—he prefers 'The Bladebone,' it seems."

"Dear me!" said the Rector; and he looked vexed.

"Well, yes." Will felt awkward. "He likes to be free in the country, at least so Stephen says; and if he gets out he doesn't care to feel bound to come in for early dinner; and you know I never alter my hour for any one."

The Rector had stood musing, utterly deaf to Will's personal information. "I had better go back to 'The Bladebone,' I suppose, and leave a message for this Mr. Whitmore. Good day, Will."

It is possible that if things had come about naturally, and the Rector had met Mr. Whitmore unexpectedly in the village, the sight of the artist might have rekindled the old attraction he had felt towards him; but Will's disparaging manner recalled his own last interview with Paul, and the very undesirable position in which he found him with regard to Patty Westropp.

"I don't think he is the sort of person a clergyman ought to receive at his house," thought Mr. Beaufort; "but still he paid no attention to Nuna. I don't fancy he is a man who would care to talk to what he would call conventional young ladies; and I so dislike to be inhospitable."

The Rector went to "The Bladebone," and left an invitation with Dennis for Mr. Whitmore to dine at the Rectory at six o'clock; and then he walked rapidly home to tell cook of the two additional guests, and found the fireplace in the study black, and the room as chill as a well. He sat shivering while Nuna went off to find Jane.

"Nuna's carelessness is not to be endured. I really don't know what to do; I don't, indeed. I cannot see what is to become of her, married or single; she has no thought for any one but herself and what she happens to be doing at the time." He looked at the graceful pyramid on the table. "Those flowers; yes, they are beautiful, but they would have answered every purpose if they had been put up in an ordinary fashion. Elizabeth would have arranged them in one quarter of the time. It is that

getting the best out of everything which is so destructive. Elizabeth pointed that out to me in Nuna. Elizabeth is so very clear-sighted. As she said, if Nuna would be content to do things just as every one else does them, it would be so much better; but no, she never will follow in the beaten track."

He sat pursuing these reflections till he sneezed, and then, hearing a crackling sound from the study, he went there and brooded over his newly-kindled fire, almost rejoicing in the cold he felt sure he had caught through the carelessness of his dreamy daughter.

But Nuna had forgotten all about him. Cook had sent for her to consult as to whether an extra leaf would be wanted in the dining table for the "two gentlemen."

"The two gentlemen?" Cook explained; and when Nuna left the kitchen, there was a rosy glow on her face that did not look quite like the reflection of the fire.

Nuna had felt indifferent about dress for that evening, but now it became a subject to consider. The white gown she had meant to wear did not look fresh enough. She gave a little sigh. What a scanty choice she had! "Why can't I wear my black silk? it looks quite nice with the lace flounces. I will look nice, I'm determined."

Acting on which resolution, instead of getting lost in a book till within a quarter of an hour of dinner, Nuna roused her energies and kept them active till she had made the drawing-room look as pretty as possible. She ran into the garden and brought all the available plants she could find in the greenhouse and disposed them with the grace that only taste can exercise, and then, having even condescended to look at the arrangement of the dinner-table, she darted once more into the garden for a Christmas rose and some buds for her hair.

When she got to her room, she felt ashamed of herself; her cheeks were burning, her hands and feet icy cold, and her heart was throbbing most uncomfortably.

"How vain I am; as if Mr. Whit-

more cares a bit for me. Why, he talked far more to papa than he did to me when he came last time; but—well, I don't care for him, of course not. Only he is an artist, and artists always have such taste and appreciation."

She blushed with pleasure when she looked in the glass.

"I hope Will won't think I have made myself look extra well for him," she thought; "but no, I really believe he has given up caring for me." And she almost jumped down stairs with the feeling of relief.

The Brights came first; and at the sight of Nuna Will's heart sank, and then his love grew almost beyond his power to conceal. She looked radiant to-night; the black falling lace round her shoulders made a sort of cloud shadow to the pure pearly skin, the soft glow on her cheeks heightened the lustre of her eyes—they shone like stars; and the exquisite white flower suited so well with the glossy dark hair.

Mr. Pritchard, albeit somewhat averse to drawing-room young ladies, was charmed with his cousin's idol. Will had made no confession; but during Mr. Pritchard's November visit Mrs. Bright had unburdened her mind respecting her son's attachment.

"Will's a lucky fellow," said Mr. Pritchard to himself; "that is to say, if any man can be called lucky who is fool enough to give up his liberty to a woman. Everything else submits to the law of change, and why not marriage? There is something monstrous in the notion of two people taking up with each other for a whole lifetime; it stands to reason that liking changes like everything else. No, if people are to live together, let them do so as long as liking lasts, and then each go the way of each without reproach or complaint on either side."

But though Mr. Pritchard held these opinions, he took good care to keep them to himself; he knew that Will's hair would have stood on end if he had promulgated such notions at Gray's Farm.

Mrs. Bright kissed Nuna, then held

her hand a minute, and then kissed her again.

"How nice you do look, dear; just like a picture in a keepsake I've got at home, though to be sure that lady looks silly, spite of the black lace and all, and nobody could ever say you looked silly, Nuna, could they? But you know what I mean; it's the look and the lace and flowers, and all that sort of thing, in the keepsake. It's a very pretty story you know, dear, but a sad ending; she thinks,—the lady, you know—her name is Dolores—well, Dolores thinks her husband don't love her, and so she takes poison."

"Then I'm afraid Dolores was decidedly silly," said Pritchard.

"Do you?" Nuna's eyes looked direct into Mr. Pritchard's; his talk was new, and it amused her, and amusement was to Nuna that which sunshine is to a flower. "I don't mean," she smiled, "to champion suicide, but I always think women who take poison must be mad, and surely such a cause as that would make any woman mad."

Pritchard felt as if he could hardly contradict her, she looked so wonderfully pretty; he noted the depth of feeling that glowed up into her eyes, and he quite envied his cousin Will.

"By Jove! how that girl will love when she does love."

"I'm afraid I must still call a woman silly who goes mad on such a subject," he said, smiling. "What do you say, Mrs. Bright?"

"O Stephen, you know I never argue with you, and I believe you said the story was badly written. I suppose that was because of its old-fashionedness. I'm sure I can't see what the writing of a story can have to do with the excitement of it; it seems to me that's all one cares for. I always skip everything but the exciting parts; you see I can't think and be interested all at once, and when people are married against their wills—at least when they marry the wrong person through a mistake, or because their father can't pay his bills—I never think of anything but getting on fast, I always feel so excited to know

what will happen when the right lover turns up afterwards."

Mr. Pritchard had been nervously pulling his beard in his intense desire to speak.

"The right lover! My dear aunt, I'm alarmed. What is to become of the morals of the rising generation if a sober-minded, strait-laced matron like you patronizes these toadstools of literature? Why, why—" Mr. Pritchard's contradiction made him quite indifferent on which side he argued, so long as he was in opposition to every one else—"don't you know that they are a pack of lies—monstrous humbug from beginning to end? People never act in real life as these mawkish little girls do. No, I beg their pardon, girls in novels are not mawkish now-a-days; they are nasty little materialists. Such love as they feel would never break their hearts or drive them mad in real life. I'm free to admit," he looked eloquently at Nuna, who had sat down beside Mrs. Bright, "that there may be women capable of one only *grande passion*, or two perhaps—women who love with a vengeance. But these women have noble, steadfast souls; they would not sit and snivel out their existence on themselves."

"Well, but then," said Mr. Beaufort, who had got attracted to the discussion, "your negative itself brings you round to agreement; if there be only few of these higher women, the others constitute the mass, and are justly represented."

The discussion was beyond Mrs. Bright. She drew Nuna into a conversation on the subject of Larry's iniquities.

"I had not finished," said Pritchard. "These sighing, brainless creatures are incapable, morally and physically, of genuine love; depend upon it, there's not one among 'em all that would not be consoled by some kind of material panacea. I don't mean to libel them when I say they are far more likely to take to brandy than to poisoning themselves."

Will looked a little shocked; the discussion did not seem to him to be

suiting ladies, although the ladies were deaf to it.

"I thought you objected to clever, learned women, Stephen," he said.

"So I do, my dear fellow, utterly; they enrage me, they are always frights, and they always contradict; but I never said that a woman is not to have a soul, and the more lofty and noble that soul is the better for the future race of mankind. Some of these girls in novels are matter from beginning to end. I should say they would be extremely popular among Mahometans."

Will elevated his eyebrows. "Why, Stephen, I thought you held quite a different creed."

Mr. Whitmore's entrance interrupted Pritchard's answer.

Paul was presented to Mrs. Bright before Nuna had time to speak to him. Miss Beaufort thought he seemed older, graver. She felt so absurdly shy and timid as he came forward, and yet she had been quite at ease with Mr. Pritchard, whom she had scarcely ever seen before. She really was glad when Will began to talk to her.

Paul looked at her with warm admiration; and then he remembered all that Pritchard had told him about Will's love, and he fancied that the light in Nuna's eyes, and the glow on her cheeks, were caused by the presence of her lover.

Before dinner was over he felt that he had taken a great dislike to the young farmer. They sat opposite each other, on each side of Nuna. Will had contrived to oust Mr. Jenkins from the place intended for him. For a minute Nuna looked vexed. Will was very good, and all that, but she could have him to speak to any day. She would so much have liked to get Mr. Pritchard and his friend all to herself. Even a small party like this was a great break in her life. There was no Elizabeth to mount guard over her saucy speeches, and she rattled on in answer to Paul's talk in a way that disturbed Will. He had never seen Nuna like this before. She could laugh and joke with him in former times, but then the jokes had

always been at his expense; but this was different. Mr. Whitmore teased Nuna, and laughed at her as Will would not have ventured to laugh, and yet her eyes grew brighter every minute.

Certainly she now and then turned to him, but he felt that it was only from courtesy; he knew she was longing to go back to her talk with that presuming puppy opposite.

Relief came to Mr. Bright at last.

Pritchard, at the other end of the table, asked his friend a question.

If Will had been less in love, and consequently less jealous, he would have got something ready to say to Nuna; but Will was seldom ready. He was worth hundreds of others who thought him a fool, yet in some ways he was like a piece of mechanism—he wanted to be set a-going; and Nuna, excited with her present enjoyment, had no time to give her old friend the necessary help. Will had nothing of real interest to say, but he was not going to lose the opportunity given him.

"I say, Nuna, what do you think I saw in Guildford yesterday?"

"I can't guess." Nuna's ears were strained to catch the talk on the other side of her.

"Well, it was a new species of club-moss." Will's voice sank to the flat tone that comes even to the best story-teller when he has lost the interest of a listener. "If you like,"—he lowered his voice to compel her attention—"I can get you a plant of it."

At another time Nuna's eyes would have glistened at such an offer; now she felt ready to cry. She wished Will out of the window—anywhere. How could he whisper to her at dinner, and before Mr. Whitmore! but the next minute she thought that of course, if Paul knew the brother-and-sister acquaintance they had had as children, he would not wonder at their present intimacy.

"Oh! thank you, Will;" and she smiled frankly up in his face.

Mr. Bright looked across the table at Paul, and the expression he read comforted his jealous heart.

"Will!" said Mr. Whitmore to him—

self. "Is she actually engaged to this good-looking ass?" He turned to Mrs. Jenkins, and was soon launched by that profound lady into æsthetics and Goethe.

Will's tongue was set free.

He could have taken Nuna in his arms and kissed her, little darling; she did not want to cast him off altogether then, and the great honest fellow grew garrulous in describing the beauty of his new treasure.

"Then I'll bring you one as soon as I can get it; shall I, Nuna? I knew you would like it," said Will triumphantly. It was intensely satisfactory to call her Nuna before Mr. Whitmore.

It seemed to her as if all the sunshine of her evening had clouded over; the old humdrum sensation came back, and with it an inclination to gape. A tiny little glance had shown her that Paul had given her up to Will, and also the sudden animation in Mrs. Jenkins' face indicated that she was not likely to release Mr. Whitmore in a hurry.

"Oh please, don't trouble," she said. She remembered she had resolved not to accept another present from Will. "Give it to your mother instead; you know she likes all sorts of ferns."

Mrs. Bright was feeling bored. Mr. Beaufort and Mr. Pritchard had got into talk far beyond her, and her double chin was stiffening with silence. She had heard the talk about the fern, and Nuna's words were an opportunity.

"No indeed, Nuna," she said from the other end of the table, "I could not think of taking anything Will wished to give you—of course not." Here Will and Nuna both grew red and conscious, Nuna ready to cry with vexation when she saw Mr. Whitmore listening.

"I have more ferns than I can attend to already," continued the good woman; "they're quite as much bother as a baby, and most unsatisfactory—never so well as when they are in a fog, and you can't see them; just like a carriage with the windows up, aren't they, Mr. Jenkins?"

Nuna was miserable. Of course every one at the table knew that Will

was going to make her a present, and there was a contented smile on her father's face that enraged her. She glanced quickly at Mr. Whitmore; he, too, was smiling; he seemed to be enjoying her confusion.

"Have you a collection of these curiosities?" he asked.

"No, none worth talking about."

"But you are known to be a lover of them, I suppose?" He looked at Will as he said this.

"Yes, she's very fond of them," said Mr. Bright, quite unconscious of Nuna's vexation, "and she has several ferns well worth looking at." He spoke as if Nuna belonged to him and he was acting showman.

"Ah, it is no doubt a most exciting study," said Paul, mischievously.

"I only care for them," said Nuna pettishly, "because in the country one has so little to care for, and I don't suppose—the dark eyes were raised deprecatingly to Mr. Whitmore, as if to implore him not to tease her—"you or any one who has seen a really good collection of ferns would think those I have even tolerable."

Poor Will! if she had looked at him, she must have felt sorry; but she could not forgive him for having put her in a false position, and she would not turn her eyes towards him till she left the table.

When the ladies reached the drawing-room, she did not feel in tune to play the gracious hostess to Mrs. Jenkins. She hoped the curate's wife would content herself with Mrs. Bright; but Mrs. Jenkins was strong-minded and superior, she could not stoop on such soft prey as Mrs. Bright.

"My dear Miss Beaufort, have you read that last new book on Rationalism?"

"No," said Nuna, "I don't read deep books."

"Why not?"

"They make my head ache, and I don't like them."

"Ah!" Mrs. Jenkins sighed, "all the result of early training. My Mary, you know, is only fifteen, and she turns

with disgust from a shallow book. She and I have just begun to study Hegel."

"Won't she grow very learned!" said Nuna, mischievously.

"Ah, my dear Miss Beaufort, that is such a mistake; women can't learn too much. And then, too, you must bear in mind that Mary's sphere of thought is large—very large! She never fritters thought away on small things," and Mrs. Jenkins leaned her sharp cheek-bone on her hand and looked up to the ceiling in silence.

The gentlemen came in before Mrs. Jenkins emerged from her reverie, and then she fastened at once on Pritchard, who wanted to talk to Nuna, and cursed the learned lady in his heart.

"To my certain knowledge," whispered Mrs. Bright, "that girl Mary can't sew a seam, and I should say, to judge by the look of it, she brushes her hair once a week; and if anything should happen to that turnip-faced husband, what's to become of the child? Her learning won't find her in bread and butter and shoe-leather."

The evening was soon over. Nuna sanz, and Mr. Whitmore was charmed with her rich full voice, and placed himself so that no one else could stand beside her.

"What right had I to do it?" he said, as he walked back to "The Bladebone;" "she is that fellow Bright's property, not mine, but she is too good for him. She'll wear her heart out tied to such a prosy, commonplace lout. What eyes she has! and what a figure! I wish I could make out whether she likes that cousin of Stephen's."

And then he remembered the expression of her eyes when he had looked down into them as they parted in the verandah, and he felt that if Nuna married Mr. Bright, it would be a most thorough mistake.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN HASTE.

"You're not often wrong, Kitty," said Mr. Fagg, "but you see you made

a clear mistake when you said Patty Westropp had gone away after that there artist gentleman."

Mrs. Fagg was usually a recollected person. If her words sometimes stung, it was because she meant them to do so; but when you are toasting bacon before a fire that will not burn clear, it is vexing to be told of your mistakes. Mrs. Fagg therefore answered in a pet:

"Drat Patty Westropp! And how do you know she didn't go after him, and he wouldn't have nothing to do with her, having seen enough of her and her ways? Or again, how do you know he's not married to her? I suppose, Dennis, you have heard of such a thing in your life as men who find pleasure in gadding out without their wives? Hand me that dish, will you? there'll be some sense in doing that."

Dennis did as he was bid. He never quarrelled with his wife; he knew very well that sharp speeches from Kitty—and these were rarely directed against himself—were sure to be followed by some extra piece of wifely duty and affection, often by the concocting of a more tempting dinner than might otherwise have fallen to his lot. Mrs. Fagg had early learned to sacrifice to her husband's idols—ease and appetite.

She had not tasted any breakfast yet, though Dennis had had his long ago; but still it did not occur to Mr. Fagg that he might carry in his customer's breakfast, and spare the pale, tired, uncomplaining woman.

Instead of this, he went and smoked his pipe at the open door till Paul came out of the parlour. Mr. Whitmore had promised to ride over to Gray's Farm that morning; the Rector had offered to lend him a horse. He just nodded to Dennis, and went on to the Rectory.

"Too early to call on a lady, I suppose." He wanted to see Nuna Beaufort again alone, out of Will's presence; he felt a singular curiosity to know whether she really loved the young farmer, or whether she was only going to marry him because she cared for no one else.

"It won't be a safe marriage if that's

the case," he said. "She may not have loved yet, but a woman can't have that power of expression in her eyes and not have the power of loving along with it. It's impossible she can love that carcase of a farmer, poor little thing."

The Rectory gate opened when he tried it, and he went in. The entrance hall was empty, but the Christmas decorations were still there; and as Paul admired them, and felt sure they were Nuna's doing, he again thought she would be thrown away on Will Bright.

He looked about for a servant to announce him, but no one was in sight. In truth, cook and Jane were both far too deeply engaged in the china closet to heed even the bell; for if the best china had been left for Miss Nuna's putting away, cook knew very well what that would come to. But there was no bell to be seen, and Paul looked out of the window across the lawn.

Just there, under those grand leafless plane-trees, they had sat and drunk tea out of the Vienna tea-cups; and then, as if it were held up to him in a picture, the whole scene came distinctly back to Paul, and he seemed to hear Nuna's enthusiastic praise of Patty's beauty. A hot flush rose in his face; thought went on, spite of his repugnance, and recalled other words that had been spoken by Patty,—slighting, contemptuous words, of the girl who had been so generous towards herself.

He remembered that even then, mad as he was, Patty's dislike to Nuna had pained him; but he felt rather than knew, how much Patty's contempt had influenced his own indifference to Miss Beaufort.

Patty! The thought of her opened the door to the memory he had been battling with for weeks. Pritchard had told him of the nine days' wonder of Ashton in the total disappearance of the Westropp's, father and daughter, but Paul had listened in silence. He knew his friend's power of tormenting far too well to run the risk of betraying himself. He tried to think of Patty calmly; to see her as he might have seen her if his eyes had not been blinded by

passion—and his reason decided against her. She had treated him shamefully.

She had deliberately rejected him because she felt able to push her own way in the world; he had told himself this over and over again, but to-day the conviction was stronger than ever.

"She never loved me," he said to himself; "she was heartless from the beginning, or this money would not have changed her. Real love in a woman is not conquered so quickly. Her love, if it had been genuine, would have made her understand me; she would have dreaded lest her fortune should set me against her, for I spoke openly to her of my dislike to money as mere wealth."

And then he thought again of Nuna Beaufort, and confessed that she was worth a hundred Pattys. But the confession was too calm and reasonable, there was no ardour in it; a dread lurked behind—a dread which he turned from resolutely—would not Patty in living presence, Patty once more sweet and loving, be as dangerous to his peace as ever? The only safety lay in throwing aside her memory.

"I wonder why I came down here? And yet I don't know, nothing destroys an outline so completely as painting it out, and when I go back to the studio I shall perhaps carry the memory of these changeful dark eyes with me."

He heard some one coming, and he hoped it was Nuna. She came slowly into the hall, her head bent, her hat in her hand, her whole attitude full of dejection.

Paul stood a minute, yet in the recess of the window admiring her graceful shape; her soft grey gown fell in broad folds, and her rich hair coiled round her well-set head in thick glossy braids. She moved on towards the outer door.

"I beg your pardon," said Paul, coming forward; "I know I ought not to call so early, but Mr. Beaufort kindly offered to lend me his horse. Can I see him, do you think?"

"Yes—no." Nuna's voice sounded thick, and she was so confused that she stammered. She was really in the midst of a hearty fit of crying, only

Paul did not detect it at first. "Will you mind waiting a little?" she said more steadily. "Will you come in and sit down? Papa is writing, and I know he must not be disturbed."

She turned away abruptly and opened the drawing-room door, but Paul had had time to see that she was in trouble. Till now Nuna had been to him more like a picture than a woman; but that wonderful tenderness for weak oppressed creatures, which seems the most godlike attribute of mankind, in a moment bridged over the distance there had been between them; the utter dejection of the girl's aspect gave the human link that had been wanting to her. Mr. Whitmore felt on a sudden wiser, older, moved out of his usual outside calm, to protect and comfort this grief-stricken maiden.

"Will you sit down here, please? Papa won't be long, I know; but he can't see you just now."

There came a little sob into her voice, and she moved hastily towards the door.

Paul could not let her go. Had that old curmudgeon of a father been making her cry? "I wish you would let me look at the song you sang last night," he said.

She went back to the other end of the room, and began to turn over her music; her hands felt hot and cold at once, she did not know what she was doing. Ever since they parted in the verandah she had only thought of Paul—thought of him all through her long wakeful night, till she had felt as if she could never meet him again for fear of betraying her delight in his presence. And then when morning broke, with its cold uncontrovertible reality, to tell her that one or two sweet visions that had come in short snatches of repose from the long open-eyed night, were as false as mirage, Nuna rose up from her bed in actual terror of herself and her own overpowering feelings.

"It is not love," she said; "I could not be so unwomanly as to love a man who has not sought me, and Mr. Whit-

more has only shown me common courtesy. It is because I live so shut up; I see so few people, that every fresh face sends me off my balance with excitement; in a day or two, when he has gone away from Ashton, I shall be all right again."

Gone away from Ashton! Nuna felt as if she were going mad this morning. How was she to live on this same quiet, unchanging existence now; and as if to stamp on her heart the conviction of her own self-deceit came the thought of Mr. Pritchard. He was a stranger, and yet he had not occupied the merest fragment of her thoughts. She scarcely remembered a word he had said, and all through the night she had been repeating every look and tone and gesture of Mr. Whitmore's.

She had come down to breakfast pale and unhappy, and her father had announced to her his intention of asking Elizabeth Matthews to live with them. Nuna was already so unstrung that she had felt no ready power of self-control; she burst into an indignant remonstrance, and went out of the room in a tempest of almost despairing sorrow. She knew, just when she met Paul, that the Rector had gone into his study to write the dreaded letter of invitation. For the moment her sorrow had helped her against her self-consciousness. Now, as she stood looking for the song, Paul came towards her, and held the portfolio open. Nuna's cheeks grew hotter and hotter as she bent down over the music; her fingers felt glued to the paper, and kept on turning over leaves at random. She could not master her terror—a terror she could not have explained, and yet in which there mingled an intense, almost a delirious joy. The song had been an old one; Nuna had sung it sorely against her will at the urgent request of Mrs. Bright; it was the ordinary hackneyed plaint of a forsaken maiden bewailing her fate in extra touching words. She found the song at last, and held it towards Paul.

But he had forgotten all about it. He had been watching the rising glow in Nuna's face, and the traces of deep

sorrow, and every moment he had felt himself drawn more and more irresistibly to try and win the confidence of this half-shy, half-frank creature so utterly unlike any girl he had seen before.

He took the music, and put it back among the rest.

"I am afraid you are in trouble—can't I help you in some way?"

He felt how eccentric he was; but Paul was not accustomed to resist impulse, and an attraction that was quite beyond him hurried him on now completely out of himself and of all reticence.

The touch of sympathy in his voice thrilled through Nuna. Involuntarily her eyes raised themselves to his, and sank at once beneath the glowing gaze she met. She felt as if she must run away from him.

"You can't help me. I'll see if papa is ready." She tried to make her words as cold and as steady as she could; she walked across the room, her fingers were on the handle of the door, another moment, and she would have escaped.

How do such things happen? No one knows; no one can ever detail the sensations of the most eventful moments of life. No one sees the wind rise, or the lightning part the dark cloud overhead. We see the tree lying prostrate, the building tottering from roof to basement, or it may be riven asunder, and we feel with a sort of awful conviction that no mere human agency can ever revoke that which has come to pass, and efface the stamp of disaster.

In the present case the seen effect was this: Paul had reached Nuna's side, had taken her hand very gently and tenderly in his own.

"Won't you tell me?" he said; "I am sure I could help you."

He had taken her hand gently, but he held it firmly. For an instant she tried to escape, and then she yielded, not only because she felt no power against his strong grasp, but because her spirit yielded too in glad submission.

"You will tell me, won't you?" He

bent his head, and the words seemed to steal into her very soul. "If you knew how I long to comfort you, you would, I'm sure."

It seemed to Nuna as if her grief were too childish; there was so much of reverence in her love for Paul, it was impossible to trouble him with the story of her dislike to Elizabeth.

"You'll think me silly," she blushed, and Paul could scarcely keep from drawing her close into his arms. But he was not in the same wild impatient state into which Patty Westopp had thrown him. He saw that if he were gentle with Nuna, she would tell him her trouble in her own way; but he saw too that her shyness was real, and that she was as likely to run away as to stay with him.

"I could never think you silly," he said warmly. He felt the little hand trying to free itself, and he let it go.

"It seems like blaming my father," she said simply; "but I don't mean that; only he is asking a cousin to come and live with us, a person I dislike, and it makes me so unhappy." She paused. Paul stood listening; he felt warm delight at winning this child-like confidence. "I do so long to know if I am right or wrong," and in her impulsive, unthinking way she clasped her hands over her eyes. "I longed so to live alone with my father, and now he will be shut away from me more than ever, and he will end by not loving me at all."

If she had not hidden her eyes, she would not have said this; but the unseen spiritual influence was drawing her to Paul with irresistible strength.

"That is impossible," he said warmly. He had bent down over her while she hid her eyes; she felt this, and drew herself away. The slight movement quickened his growing love; he longed to take her hands away, to make the dark eyes look lovingly into his; but still he waited. A sudden remembrance of Will Bright came between him and Nuna, and he resolved to know the truth.

"It may be," he said, "that Mr.

Beaufort knows you will leave him, before long, and he wishes to make provision before such an event takes place?"

Nuna could not mistake the questioning tone in which he spoke. She looked up for the first time, and he read in her frank, direct glance her guess at his meaning.

"I am not likely to leave my father," she said; she blushed very much. That one glance at Paul had reminded her that she was opening her whole heart to a stranger. But her words were like toy-bells to Paul; he loved her for her frank directness. It seemed to him that she had understood that he meant Will Bright.

"But you would leave him for some one who loved you—some one you loved too—you would, would you not?"

Before he could get possession of her hand again Nuna had taken fright, and started away from him.

Spite of her love, it was too new, too sudden. She could not believe he loved her. What had she done to give Mr. Whitmore cause to speak in this way to her?

Flight seemed her only safety; and yet when she reached the door she gave one look, she could not help it, to show him she was not angry.

The look was enough; it was all Paul could do to keep from following her and forcing her to speak the confession her eyes had made.

He loved her better for not yielding too easily. Had he seen the Rector he would at once have asked permission to woo his daughter; but Mr. Beaufort's letter proved lengthy, and Jane came to say "the horse was brought round, and would Mr. Whitmore excuse seeing master."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. BRIGHT CONFIDES.

MR. BEAUFORT'S old horse knew the short way to Gray's Farm, and he trotted briskly through Carving's Wood Lane—

but not fast enough to satisfy Paul. The oft-trodden way brought back most disturbing memories; and when he reached the angle leading to the cottage, he fairly dashed over the common to get free from them. His passion for Patty seemed to him to day a mad infatuation; and yet if this change of fortune had not happened, he would most likely now be married to her—an ignorant country girl. And what had he done this morning? Flung himself, in the same headlong, impulsive way, into a fresh attachment.

"And how is it to end? Am I going to make Nuna my wife—my wife?" he said the last words slowly, with a sort of hesitating pleasure. There was nothing to shrink from in Nuna Beaufort, and yet it seemed strange to Paul that at the very threshold of his love, when he might have been expected to forget all prudence or doubt in the first flush of joy, it seemed strange he should ask himself deliberately why he had been so hasty.

"It would have been wiser to wait. I might have seen more of her. How do I know that I can make her happy?"

But he forced himself to think of her and her sweet blushing confusion, and before he reached Gray's Farm his mind was once more at ease. He felt that he was beloved, not as he meant Nuna to love him, but still enough to make him sure that he would suffice for Nuna's happiness; Paul had studied women enough to learn that a woman's love brings its own happiness along with it, if she only gets some love in return for the lavish wealth of her own. He felt that to such a nature as that which revealed itself in Nuna's deep passionate eyes the bliss of loving was greater even than that of being loved again.

"And what does one want in a wife but love?" he said to himself. "And she has so much besides. She is far too good for a harum-scarum fellow like me. I don't believe her father will let me have her."

He was hailed from the other side of the hedge that bordered the stony lane, and presently Will and his cousin ap-

peared through a gate leading into the field they had been walking in.

"Very glad to see you," said Will, heartily. Paul shook hands, but he felt guilty; he resolved that no amount of pressing should prevail on him to become an inmate of Gray's Farm, for he felt positive Mr. Bright was in love with Nuna.

"Here, Larry!" shouted Will; and the Irishman came up grinning from ear to ear, and led Mr. Beaufort's horse away to the stables.

Mrs. Bright was in a flutter of delight, and Mr. Whitmore so increased her excitement by praising everything, from the scarlet bunches of pyrocanthus berries on each side of the entrance door to the old-fashioned dogs in the fireplace, that she nearly danced with pleasure along the passage leading to the drawing-room.

But here Paul's praises came to an end. There was a stuffy formal atmosphere about this, the grand room of the house, and moreover all the little attempts at taste—and there were too many of these—were either stiff, or what Mrs. Fagg would have called "messy." The chimney-piece of Mrs. Bright's drawing-room was decidedly "messy." There was an old-fashioned clock in china of the Louis Quinze period; and with this went harmoniously a Chelsea Venus on one side and a Dresden Neptune on the other. But then Mrs. Bright could not leave well alone. Stephen Pritchard had presented his aunt with a pair of white China candlesticks in the style of the clock, but between these and the figures were gourds set on end; and again, between the figures and the clock, small coloured wax-images, with tremulous heads; and as if they were not obtrusive enough by themselves, the good woman had crammed into the hand of each a sheaf of dried grass, to give, as she expressed it, "a grace" to the arrangement. The whole was backed by hand-screens painted by Mrs. Bright herself in youthful days; tulips on white velvet with a border and a stick in blackened gilding. The same vague idea pervaded the room. There was neither uniformity

nor contrast, nor any repose for the eye in the amount of petty trifles scattered about.

The room worried Paul. He was glad when Will got a business summons to the Hall, and Mrs. Bright proposed they should go into the parlour and see if dinner were ready.

"I never wait for Will," she said. "We live like clocks here, Mr. Whitmore, every day exactly alike."

"Don't you get tired?" said Paul.

"Dear, dear, how like you are to Nuna Beaufort; that's exactly what she said yesterday when I was telling her about Will's punctual ways. Something in the paints is it, do you think, that makes people irregular? You know Nuna is quite an artist, Mr. Whitmore. And yet Stephen is just the same about dullness, and his is all pen and ink work. I suppose you are all alike, and I can't tell what it is that does it?"

It was always impossible to the blithe chatterpie of a woman to keep her uppermost thoughts from getting into words, and yet she felt sure Will would be vexed that she talked about Nuna to Mr. Whitmore.

Mr. Pritchard roused himself from the brown study into which his aunt's talk was apt to send him, "I say, Paul, what do you think of our Ashton beauty? I can tell you, you must mind what you say about her here."

Paul looked at Pritchard, and then at Mrs. Bright; it seemed to him that his last night's admiration had not been remarked. They both appeared to be standing up in defence of Nuna.

"I think she is charming," he said, warmly. "I wonder she has not been taken away from Ashton before this."

He wanted to be fair and above-board with Mr. Bright. Nuna's words had told him that he was not winning her away from a favoured lover, but Paul's independence chafed at anything like concealment.

Mrs. Bright bridled, smiled at Mr. Pritchard, and gave a sort of half-cough.

"Then you did not tell your friend anything, Stephen?"

"I don't think there's anything to tell; and if there is, I'm not sure that Will cares for it to be talked over publicly." Mr. Pritchard spoke roughly, walked to the window and whistled. It had come into his head last night as they drove home from the Rectory, that if he could bring himself to commit such a folly as marriage—Mr. Pritchard had taken more wine than usual, and it was broad moonlight, both which circumstances may account for his entertaining even in a temporary fashion such a conventional idea as marriage—well then, if he could do this, Nuna Beaufort was just the girl he should like for a wife.

"She has plenty of feeling and fire, and no forms and ceremonies;" for a keen observer like Pritchard had noted at once the little irregularities of manner, the impulsive words which, spite of her gentle courtesy, made Nuna wholly unlike a proper "drawing-room young lady."

Finding herself left thus alone with Paul, the temptation to confide was too strong for Mrs. Bright. Something in the strongly marked face, in those dark eyes, almost stern when they were not smiling, inspired her, as Paul's face usually inspired women, with a sense of trust. He looked too noble, too grand, to take advantage of her confidence.

"Perhaps Stephen is right, Mr. Whitmore," she said in a half-whisper; "my son is extremely particular; but then you are so intimate with his cousin, living together and all, you know it does make such a difference."

"You must excuse me," said Paul, "I cannot imagine that I have the slightest right to Mr. Bright's confidence."

"Oh, of course not, I did not mean that; but everybody in Ashton knows Will means to marry Nuna. The Rector and I settled it months ago." A flush came into Paul's face. He wished to speak openly to Mr. Beaufort before any one else—before Pritchard even knew of his love and his hopes; but still it seemed as if he must protest against Mrs. Bright's certainty.

"I am not surprised at your son's

attachment, but I should not have thought Miss Beaufort was likely to marry him."

"Good gracious me! why not? Why, Stephen—no, nothing." She heard her son's heavy step outside, and she stopped. "I wish dinner would come; you must be quite starved, Mr. Whitmore."

But Paul assured her he could not stay to dinner. He felt as if he could not remain another minute in the house. The idea of Nuna disposed of in this summary fashion made him furious. Mrs. Bright begged and entreated, and got Will to aid her in pressing hospitality on the visitor. Paul was resolute, and finally got off with the penance of a glass of cherry brandy, and a hunch of seed-cake nearly as big as his head, Mrs. Bright keeping up meanwhile a history of the cherry-tree, and of the best way of preventing the fruit from shrivelling in the brandy.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROGER WESTROPP AT HOME IN LONDON.

"I WANT you, please, to drive me to No. 4, Bellamount Terrace, Old Kent Road."

Miss Coppock spoke to the cab-driver with her usual obsequious politeness, and then she threw herself back in the cab.

She felt relieved and curious too—relieved from the daily wear of anxiety, and yet curious as to the result of her journey. But when she found herself drawn up to the edge of the pavement, opposite some broken railings, she pulled out of her pocket a crumpled piece of paper. Yes, there was no mistake, the dirty smoke-begrimed house before her, without a curtain to any of its misty windows, and scarcely any paint to speak of on its crooked door, was the place of her destination. The house door had evidently gone down in life on one side at any rate, and its dirt was rendered even more conspicuous by a spasmodic dauby attempt to brighten the handle and bell knob.—These in

their unusual brazen glory likened the door somewhat to a factory girl with her gilt earrings and grimy fingers. The whilome turf at the foot of the steps was grassless, as if it had gone bald with age; the railings which fenced in this dreary habitation from the road were broken and very rusty, and the gate having lost its fastening, and moreover one of its hinges, was kept on duty by a huge wooden bar. The cabman was now struggling to unfasten this after an ineffectual search for the outside bell.

Miss Coppock's heart sank. She knew that she should not find Patty in Bellamount Terrace; but being a woman, she had given rein too liberally to fancy, and it had never occurred to her that Roger would remain the same niggardly Roger as ever in his thorough change of circumstances.

"It need not surely be all so dirty," she said, sighing with disgust, as she gathered up her fresh crisp skirts and stepped along to the house.

The door stood half open, and she knew very well from that circumstance that Roger was hidden behind it. She tried to smooth her face into its usual practised smile, bade the cabman set her boxes at the foot of the steps, and dismissed him. Patience was not specially a neat or orderly woman; nature seems to have otherwise provided in the composition of dressmakers; but for the moment, as the cab drove away, she longed to call it back, and yield up all the golden hopes she had built on Patty's friendship, for the sake of escaping the squalor before her.

The door opened slowly, grating as it did so on something on the bare boards within, and then she perceived Roger himself. He looked taller and more careworn than when she last saw him, but he held out his hand to greet her in what he meant to be a cordial fashion. His eyes smiled, but his lips could not relax their grimness. Roger had a respect for Miss Coppock rather than a liking; but the sight of a face that took him back to former times was pleasant, for he missed his old life—the life which had grown to be

as much a part of him as his skin or his hair: and yet while he awkwardly shook Miss Patience's well-gloved hand in his lank, large-jointed fingers, a dim vision of extra loaves, the necessity for butcher's meat, milk, butter, and other luxuries almost unknown in Bellamount Terrace, kept his lips firmly pressed together to repress a groan.

"Glad to see ye, ma'am; walk in, will ye, an' I'll have those boxes in directly."

Patience passed in as she was bid at a door on the right of the narrow, stuffy passage. She had just come from the fresh pure air of the country, and she felt sick and faint at the close odour of stale tobacco, and the memories of what had once doubtless been savoury fumes, that hung about the little dirty room. It was carpeted with dark green drugget, with irregular yellow spots, and across the hearth, by way of rug, stretched a breadth of the same pattern, with raw unhemmed ends. There was no relief for the eye on the walls covered with what had been flaunting flower-bunched paper, faded and bulging out here and there. The only thing on which the eye could rest with pleasure stood on the mantelshelf, between the two old candlesticks, in front of the blackened and clouded looking-glass,—a coloured photograph of Patty. As Patience bent down to look at it, it seemed to her that sunshine came into the poor dingy room at once.

"Dear me, how beautiful!" said the dressmaker. "I had forgotten half her prettiness."

"You'll perhaps not want your boxes upstairs?" Roger's voice came in a sort of beseeching, half-ashamed way, from the parlour door. "That is, I don't know how soon you think of joining my daughter, ma'am."

If she had found Roger in a different house, Miss Coppock would have resented this speech; she had resolved to submit herself to Patty, but she saw no need to cringe to the father, on whom Patty was in no way dependent. She had meant to use this lodging as long as it suited her to stay in London; but now that

she saw it one night in such a place would be as much as she could bring herself to endure, and she did not care to incur unnecessary expense, so she answered graciously :

"Oh no, thank you; I hope to start for Paris to-morrow evening, as soon as ever I have executed dear Patty's commissions."

Roger went to the top of the kitchen stairs, but he had to go down half of them before he could summon the deaf old woman he had engaged in honour of Miss Coppock, to escort that lady to her bedroom. Patience followed the ragged creature upstairs, but her feelings were not soothed by this attendance. The deaf, haggard-throated, old woman, who looked like a mummy from a rag-shop, had brought water with her to fill the jug, and spying some dirt on the inside of the basin she deliberately spat on it, and then rubbed it with her smeared apron, as the quickest way of removing it.

"Dinner be ready in five minutes," said the hag, with a sniff; and she went tumbling down the stairs.

It was not appetizing to look forward to dinner cooked by such hands; but after all it was only a trial of some hours, and Miss Coppock had known a few ups and downs in her former life.

The tablecloth was fairly clean, a circumstance easily accounted for by the fact that Roger was in the habit of using a newspaper in lieu of such a luxury; and the dinner, half a shoulder of mutton baked, smelt savoury.

By the time the meal was over Miss Patience felt at home with Roger.

"And how do you amuse yourself, Mr. Westropp, if I may ask?—at least I suppose I am to say Mr. Latimer, such

being the wish of dear Patty." These last words were spoken with the suavity of the Guildford show-room, and Roger winced and sneered at the same time.

He was a keen observer. As long as he looked at Miss Coppock, and saw only her remarkable face and quiet movements, he was impressed by her superiority; but Roger had been used to real gentlefolks, and the assumption in Patience's tone unmasked her at once. His sour rugged nature had one virtue, he abhorred shams; and without knowing why, he felt ill at ease with his daughter's friend.

"I don't hold with changing of our name, ma'am; it ain't my way of doing business. There's only one thing as I can see for it; Patty says—and she's cute at judging folks—she says she is less likely to be cheated and put upon if folks don't know about her than if they do. That may hold good for her, but I can't see it for myself."

"She's quite right; if she hadn't changed her name your story would have got wind, and she have been a regular prey to all sorts of people."

In her heart Patience knew that the mystery she had herself enjoined was necessary to the hold she meant to keep over Patty, and she spoke eagerly and naturally.

Roger looked keenly at her with those deep-set light blue eyes of his, and he felt baffled.

"She's like two women in one," he said; "she can speak out open and hearty, and then, without a word of warning, she minces and ambles like a pony going through its paces for a circus rider. I'm blessed if she don't floor me."

To be continued.

A SHORT EXPLANATION OF MR. HARE'S SCHEME OF REPRESENTATION.

BY MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

IN an article which appeared in the September number of this Magazine it was endeavoured to point out some of the more glaring defects in our present representative system, with a view of showing that no reform can be permanent and satisfactory that does not embody a scheme of proportional representation. In the same paper various more or less imperfect modes of obtaining proportional representation were described, whilst scarcely more than a passing allusion was made to the comprehensive and elaborate plan which is generally known in connection with the name of Mr. Hare.

In the discussions which from time to time have taken place on Mr. Hare's scheme of representation, so much has been said on the one side of its simplicity, on the other side of its complexity, that it is a matter of no surprise that a large amount of confusion pervades the public mind regarding the merits of the scheme. It is the object of this paper to describe, as briefly as possible, its principles and details, without disguising the difficulties which would surround its practical application. The end and object of Mr. Hare's scheme is the direct, equal, and personal representation in Parliament of every elector. If this end were accomplished, Parliament would become the mirror of the nation, and, in proportion to the extension of the suffrage, all opinions would have in Parliament a strength corresponding to their strength in the country. To attain this end it would be necessary that each voter should have an equal amount of electoral power. At present there is nothing to prevent an elector

from having a score of votes in different constituencies. Non-residence not being a disqualification for the county franchise, a man may have a vote for every county in the kingdom, if he can possess himself of the requisite property qualifications. To remedy this inequality Mr. Hare's plan provides that each elector shall have but one vote; and in order to enable the elector to obtain real representation, he would be permitted to give this vote to any candidate, irrespective of the restrictions of local representation. For instance, a voter living in Hampshire could vote, if he chose, for a candidate standing in Yorkshire, or in any other part of the kingdom. Under this system, those who are willing to serve in Parliament might be described as "All England Candidates," because they could poll votes in every constituency in the kingdom. If this plan of choosing members of Parliament were adopted, those candidates would of course be elected who obtained the largest number of votes; but in order to prevent inequality of electoral power through one candidate receiving an immensely large number of votes, Mr. Hare's scheme provides that no candidate shall receive more votes than are sufficient to secure his return. For this purpose the following arrangement is proposed. It is obvious that if all electors were allowed to vote for any candidate, well known and popular men, such as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, would receive a large proportion of the entire number of votes polled. Equality of electoral power, which is one of the main objects of the scheme, would be destroyed if Mr. Gladstone received six times as many

votes as any other candidate; for his constituents would then not be sufficiently represented in proportion to their numbers. It has therefore been proposed to find, by dividing the total number of votes polled by the number of vacancies to be filled, the quota of votes necessary for the return of each member. If 658 members are to be elected, and the total number of votes recorded is 2,632,000, four thousand votes would be the quota necessary for the return of a member. Each elector would vote by a voting paper, which would be drawn up in the following form:—

Name (of voter) _____
 Address _____
 Vote, No. _____
 Parish of _____
 Borough of _____

The above-named elector hereby records his vote for the candidate named first in the subjoined list; or, in the event of such candidate being already elected, or not obtaining the quota, the above-named elector votes for the second-named candidate, and so on, in their numerical order, viz:—

1. (Name of candidate) _____
 2. (Ditto of another) _____
 3. (Ditto of another) _____
 4. (Ditto of another) _____
- (and so on, adding as many as the elector chooses.)

The foregoing form, filled up with the names proposed by the voter, expresses in substance this:—I desire to be represented by the candidate whose name I have placed No. 1. If he should obtain his quota of votes before mine comes to be counted, or if he should fail to obtain a sufficient number, and therefore cannot be elected, I direct that my vote be transferred to the candidate I have placed as No. 2, and under the same conditions, to candidate No. 3, and so on.¹

The above comprises the whole of the so-called complexity of Mr. Hare's system of representation. The main prin-

ciples of the scheme might be tabulated as follows:—

1. All voters to be represented in Parliament.
2. Each Member of Parliament to represent an equal number of voters.
3. Each elector to have one vote.
4. Electors to be allowed to vote for any candidate.
5. Electors to be allowed to transfer their votes from one candidate to another, so that no votes are thrown away for candidates already elected, or for those who have no chance of obtaining the quota.

The most striking effects of such a deviation from the traditional method of conducting elections would first be seen in Parliament itself. The House of Commons would then no longer be filled with local magnates, whose names are unknown outside their own boroughs, and whose only recommendation to serve in Parliament consists in their employing a large number of workmen, and being able consequently to command a considerable number of votes. On the contrary, the House of Commons would be filled by really representative men, who would be sent to Parliament not solely on account of their wealth and local influence, but on account of their opinions. A common charge brought against this plan of proportional representation is that it would bring into the House of Commons nobody but the representatives of crotchets. In reply to this it may be stated that it will be their own fault if the people without crotchets are unrepresented; if, indeed, they are so few as not to be able to secure a quota of votes for their candidates, then the House of Commons will justly be composed of crotchety members; it would not be representative if it were not.

The effect of Mr. Hare's scheme upon constituencies would be more gradual, but not less beneficial, than its effect on the House of Commons. The present system of selecting candidates leaves little or no choice to the mass of the electors; they must either support the candidate started by the wire-pullers of

¹ Pamphlet on Representative Reform, issued by a Committee appointed by the Reform League, p. 9.

their own party or not vote at all. Hence the franchise is too often exercised merely mechanically; little study is given to political questions. Men vote with their party as a matter of course, and the minimum of political intelligence is evoked. If, on the other hand, electors were free to vote for whom they pleased, they would be induced to examine into the respective merits of a considerable number of candidates. Instead of voting blindly, and for no assignable reason, for the local candidate, they would be obliged to make a selection between many different candidates, and would feel that they were acting foolishly if they could not justify their choice. An elector is now seldom asked, "Why did you vote for Mr. A.?" If such a question were asked, the reply would probably be, "Mr. A. was brought out by the party; we didn't like him particularly, but we voted for him, because, if we had split, the other side would have got in their man." If electors were free to vote for any candidate, the question, "Why did you vote for Mr. A.?" would receive a very different answer. It would probably be something like this, "I read through his address, and his views on the political questions of the day are those that I hold; and, as far as one can judge of his character, I believe him to be an honest and independent man." In this way the selection of a candidate would produce an educational and moral influence on each elector, especially as he would be required to name a succession of candidates, and to place them in the order in which he esteemed their merit. The educational effect produced by inducing electors carefully to weigh the respective claims of a large number of candidates would be very considerable, and would probably stimulate a great increase of the mental activity brought to bear on political questions. The moral effect produced by giving a free and independent choice of a representative to each elector would be invaluable. At present a candidate, no matter how bad his personal character may be, is thrust upon a constituency by half-a-

dozen active wire-pullers, and the electors frequently have no choice between not voting at all, voting for a man of notoriously bad character, or voting against their political convictions. Few electors would deliberately declare that their free and unfettered choice as a representative, the man whom they desired above all others to see in Parliament, was a well-known *roué*, a fraudulent director of companies, or one who had been convicted of personal bribery; whereas, under the present system, scarcely any electors would think of withdrawing their support from their party candidate on the ground of moral disqualifications.

Whether, therefore, we look at its theoretical justice, or at its practical effect on the House of Commons and on constituencies, Mr. Hare's scheme deserves our warmest admiration; it remains to be shown what are the difficulties, real and imaginary, in the way of its application. Under the head of imaginary difficulties may be enumerated the following:—Filling up vacancies caused by the death or resignation of members; the destruction of the local character of representation; and the incompatibility of this scheme with the ballot. With regard to the first-named difficulty, that of filling up vacancies, it is with justice urged that though the minority gets a proportional representation at the time of a general election, the majority must carry all those bye elections where only one seat is contended for; and besides this, under Mr. Hare's plan, according to which any elector may vote for any candidate, what constituency is a writ to be issued for on the event of a member vacating his seat? Now, the fact that the majority must be triumphant in all bye elections, even under the most perfectly conceived plan of proportional representation, is no objection to the principle of Mr. Hare's scheme. It is an odd way of arguing against the proportional representation of minorities to say that because under certain circumstances a minority may lose some part of its fair share of representation, there-

fore it shall not be allowed any representation at all. When, after the general election of 1868, the minority member for the City of London, Mr. Bell, died, and his place was consequently filled by a representative of the majority, many persons seemed to think it a striking illustration of the absurdity of proportional representation. It would be as sensible for a man who had lost his purse to cite the fact as an illustration of the uselessness of money. A more reasonable objection is raised in the inquiry, "Under Mr. Hare's scheme, what constituency shall a writ be issued for in the event of a member vacating his seat?"

Several answers may be given to this question. Mr. Hare has himself suggested that members should still be apportioned to certain places; the locality being determined by the proportion of votes a member has polled in the place. Any member, for instance, who had obtained nine-tenths of his votes in Birmingham, would be one of the members for that town; and in case of a vacancy by his death, a new writ for the election of one member would be issued to Birmingham, and the election would be conducted in the same manner as at present. Another, and perhaps rather an Irish way of getting over the difficulty connected with filling up those accidental vacancies which occur between general elections, is not to fill them up at all; and in order to avoid constituencies remaining long unrepresented, to have triennial, or even annual parliaments. This plan would probably not affect the position of parties, as the average number of deaths on each side would be about equal; it would involve no loss to the House of Commons, which is already larger than is convenient for the conduct of business; it would induce constituencies to look out for candidates who did not go into Parliament merely for the sake of obtaining a lucrative office; and electors could also seek to protect themselves from the loss of their representative by not voting for candidates who were too

weak and sickly to support the laborious duties of a member of Parliament. If this mode of getting over the difficulty were adopted, of course the vacation of a seat on the acceptance of a parliamentary office would have to be abandoned; and it would also be necessary to shorten considerably the duration of parliaments. The chief objection to triennial and annual parliaments would be removed, if elections were conducted with order and sobriety, and if they did not entail such large expenditure on the part of candidates. If it is fair to argue from the experience of other countries, or from the recent election of the London School Board, it may be assumed that the ballot, whatever its other merits or defects may be, will prevent those disgraceful scenes of brutal and drunken excitement which now characterize elections. The Government has fixed an early day for the introduction of a Ballot Bill, and its adoption before the next general election may consequently be regarded as a certainty; there is also a very great probability that before that period the necessary expenses of elections will be borne by constituencies instead of candidates. If this is the case, all overwhelming objections to the short duration of parliaments would be removed; and the inconvenience arising from not filling up accidental vacancies in Parliament would be very trifling if there were a general election every one, two, or three years.

We now pass to the second of those objections to Mr. Hare's scheme which we have ventured to designate as imaginary difficulties: viz. the destruction of the local character of representation. There is no reason why under this scheme all local matters which demand the attention of members of Parliament should not be as well looked after as they are at present. As previously pointed out, members might be apportioned to various localities, and the local work would then be done, as at present, by the local members. The legitimate local work of members consists in assisting the progress of private bills for

railways, drainage, and other public works in their constituencies, and in presenting petitions forwarded by their constituents. These services could be just as well performed under Mr. Hare's scheme as at present. With regard to the progress of private bills, it may safely be assumed that the commercial element throughout the country is powerful enough to command its due influence in Parliament; and in such places as Liverpool, where the local work of the members is very important to the commercial interests of the place, the local merchants and shipowners would not be likely to forego the opportunity Mr. Hare's scheme would afford them, of obtaining their full share of representatives.

The next imaginary difficulty in connection with the adoption of Mr. Hare's scheme is its supposed incompatibility with the ballot. Without expressing any opinion on the merits of the ballot controversy, it may be confidently asserted that the ballot could be worked with perfect ease in conjunction with Mr. Hare's scheme. It would only be necessary to have a balloting-paper instead of the voting-paper described in a previous page, and the difficulty vanishes. Any system of ballot which involves the necessity of the elector writing down the name of the candidate for whom he votes could be adapted to Mr. Hare's scheme.

A more difficult task now lies before us in dealing with what may be considered the only really formidable obstacle to the practical application of Mr. Hare's scheme. No completely satisfactory solution of this difficulty has as yet appeared; it is therefore desirable that the advocates of the scheme should not disguise the existence of a serious obstacle in the way of its application. Making the difficulty known, and provoking thought and discussion on the subject, are the surest means of arriving at the wished-for solution. It has already been stated that no candidate shall be allowed to record more votes than are sufficient for his return, and that when a candidate has

obtained his quota of votes, the voting or balloting papers on which his name is the first mentioned shall be reckoned to the score of the second-named candidate. The difficulty we have alluded to is this: suppose the necessary quota of votes to be a thousand, and that two thousand voting-papers are sent in with Mr. Gladstone's name first, the second name on one thousand of these voting-papers being that of Mr. Jacob Bright, and second name on the other thousand being that of Sir Wilfred Lawson. In this case Mr. Bright and Sir Wilfred Lawson occupy exactly similar positions: each is the second choice of a thousand electors, and yet it is possible that the one may obtain his full quota of a thousand votes, and be consequently returned, whilst the other is not able to record a single vote. For if all the voting-papers with Mr. Bright's name second are used for Mr. Gladstone's return, the remaining thousand will all be reckoned to Sir Wilfred Lawson. It is, of course, highly improbable that such a result would ever actually take place, as all the papers would be deposited in a balloting-urn, to be opened by a responsible authority, and the votes would be recorded in the order in which they were drawn out of the urn. The appearance of all the papers would be exactly similar, and there would consequently be no opportunity for the display of any unjust partiality in the opening of the papers. Still, the suspicion of the possibility of an election resulting in a manner approximating to the imaginary case just described, would do much to destroy the moral effect which might be produced by the adoption of Mr. Hare's scheme. The knowledge that gross inequality is the possible result of an election would frequently lead to the supposition that it had really existed even in those cases where it was entirely absent, and the whole method of conducting elections would fall into disrepute and even contempt. It is not too much to say that some method must be contrived for removing the uncertainty about the appropria-

tion of the second vote, before Mr. Hare's plan of conducting elections could be applied in practice. It is perhaps true that there are many things in the present system of electing members of parliament which are quite as bad; for instance, no inequality can be much greater than that which allows one member to be returned by the suffrages of sixty-nine electors, whilst in another place a candidate who polls 12,684 votes is not elected; and no uncertainty can be more completely a matter of chance than that which now determines for what candidates electors shall have an opportunity of voting. The existence of worse defects in the present system of electing members of Parliament than any which would be possible under Mr. Hare's scheme, ought not, however, to discourage our most strenuous efforts to seek remedies for such blemishes as that just described. People will put up with a good old historical injustice for old sake's sake, when they would indignantly repel a far more trifling imperfection if they regarded it as an impudent upstart. An American society for the promotion of proportional representation, has suggested as a solution of the difficulty concerning the appropriation of the second vote, to fix no quota necessary for the return of a member, and to allow no second choice to the electors, but to permit each candidate to record all the votes given for him, and to regulate the voting power of members in the House according to the number of suffrages they received at the poll. According to this suggestion, a member who had received 10,000 votes would have ten times more voting power in a parliamentary division than a member who had only polled 1,000 votes. We leave the reader to consider the advantages and disadvantages of this proposal; from this or similar suggestions we may hope to arrive at the solution of the only real difficulty which besets the theoretical perfection of Mr. Hare's scheme. People will probably believe in its impracticability till some modification of it has been

successfully carried out, and for this reason we regard with much satisfaction the result of the late election of the London School Board. By the Education Act of 1870, it was decreed that two of the most important principles of Mr. Hare's scheme should be partially adopted in the election of the London School Board. In the first place, by the introduction of the cumulative vote the advantages of proportional representation were recognized. In the second place, by making the Board metropolitan and not merely local, the advantages of extending the electoral area may become more apparent, and may ultimately lead to the conversion of London, for educational purposes, into one large constituency. However this may be, it can scarcely be doubted by any impartial person, that the London School Board compares most favourably as a representative and a deliberative assembly with the members returned to Parliament by the various constituencies in London; and it may be anticipated that as electors become more thoroughly accustomed to the use of the machinery of cumulative voting, the result of the School Board elections will be more and more satisfactory. At present there is only one place which makes any audible complaint against the working of the cumulative principle for the election of the School Board. In Birmingham it is asserted that the result of the School Board election has been the reverse of representative, and that though the Liberals are in a large majority, the Conservatives have succeeded in obtaining a majority on the Board. This circumstance, which has called forth such violent denunciations of the system of proportional representation, is due solely to the remarkable electioneering tactics of the dominant party. They knew that fifteen persons had to be elected, and that under the cumulative principle an elector could give fifteen votes to one candidate; they must therefore have been aware that a minority of $\frac{1}{15} + 1$ could, if they chose, absolutely secure the return of one representative, and further, that

they themselves could not possibly return fifteen members unless they were certain of a united and an obedient majority of more than $\frac{1}{3}$. Notwithstanding these circumstances, and the tolerably accurate knowledge of their own strength which they might have obtained from the result of recent parliamentary elections, they deliberately started a ticket of fifteen candidates. They further alienated support by not including in this ticket the name of one woman or one working man. The result, as is well known, was the disastrous defeat of the League party; not, as they maintain, in consequence of the inherent defects of the cumulative vote, but because under a system of proportional representation, it is impossible for a majority of two-thirds, by any electioneering manœuvre, to exclude the remaining one-third from representation. This is what the leaders of the Birmingham Liberal party endeavoured to do. Their complete discomfiture may induce them on another occasion not to set at defiance the useful practical rule that two and two never under any combination of circumstances make five.

The successful combination of cumulative voting with the ballot during the election of the Metropolitan Board may possibly lead to so much approval of the results of proportional representation, that a demand may be made to extend the system to parliamentary elections, and to group all the boroughs in London, for representative purposes,

into one large constituency. This proposal suggests the feasibility of an electioneering experiment, by means of which Mr. Hare's scheme could be applied to London for the purpose of returning twenty members to Parliament. It is by the means of some such contrivance that the merits of Mr. Hare's scheme will probably meet with general recognition. This experiment would be advantageous in many ways; it would encounter far less opposition than the universal application of the scheme; if unsuccessful, it would be easy to return to "the ancient ways of the Constitution;" but if, as we fully believe, it resulted in a very great improvement both in the intelligence and integrity of the constituency, and in the average merits of the members returned, it would at least be shown that the scheme was practicable, and the way might be opened for its application to the whole country. There are always a considerable number of political Thomases who will not believe a reform possible until their eyes have seen it, and their own hands handled it. With such persons one experiment, successfully carried out, will have more weight than all the political essays that ever were, or ever can be, written. We therefore hope that the experience gained in the elections of the School Boards may have the effect of reconciling the opponents of proportional representation, and may finally lead to its extension to parliamentary elections.

LOUISE LATEAU,
A BIOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY GEORGE E. DAY, M.D., F.R.S.

THE story I am going to relate is of so startling a character, and some of the incidents occurring in it are so incredible and apparently opposed to the ordinary laws of Nature, that I must beg my readers to suspend their judgment as to whether it is, or is not, worthy of credit, until they have weighed in their own minds the evidence on which it rests, and compared it with that on which they are willing to accept the accredited facts of ancient and modern history.¹

Louise Lateau, the subject of this article, was born in January 1850, in one of the humblest cottages of the village of Bois d'Haine, which lies in the Province of Hainault, in Belgium, about half-way between the towns of Mons and Charleroi. Her father was

a man of good character, ordinary intelligence, and unexcitable temperament. His constitution was robust and hardy, and he never suffered from any form of hæmorrhage or of nervous disturbance. He left two other daughters, the eldest of which was only three years old, besides the infant Louise. During their early years the diet of the children was "plus que frugal," and in the winter they had often no fire; but in spite of these drawbacks they grew up strong and healthy, and were soon able to earn their own subsistence.

When only eight years old, Louise took charge of a poor old crippled woman, during her son's absence at his work. At the age of eleven, after having taken her first communion, she entered the service of a great-aunt, aged seventy-eight, who lived in a certain degree of comfort.

She discharged with extreme activity and devotion the duties of her office, devoting her days to household duties, and often passing a portion of her nights by the bedside of her relative, who died about two years afterwards. She then spent seven months in the service of a lady, Madame H——, at Brussels, who still retains a most sincere affection for her. Having left this situation in consequence of an illness that lasted for some weeks, but the nature of which is not indicated, she obtained a place in a small farm at Manage, rather less than a mile from her mother's cottage, and here, as in her former situations, she left behind her pleasant memories of devoted courage, patient work, humble and unobtrusive piety, and charity to the poor. Shortly afterwards, when she was about sixteen, we find her estab-

¹ Among the physicians who have witnessed and borne their testimony to the truth of the case about to be described, may be mentioned Dr. Lefebvre, Professor of General Pathology and Therapeutics at the University of Louvain; Dr. Hairion, Professor of Hygiene and Dermatology (the Theory of Skin Diseases); Dr. Van Kempen, Professor of Anatomy in the same University; Dr. Imbert Goubeyre, Professor in the Medical School at Clermont-Ferrand; and Drs. Lecrinier of Fayt, Severin of Braine l'Alleud, Moulart of Bruges, Mussely of Deguze, and Spiltoir of Marchenna. Dr. Lefebvre, to whose report of the case I am indebted for the following particulars, states that during the twenty weeks she was under his superintendence, he took upwards of a hundred medical friends to examine the phenomena. Notices of the case have been published from time to time in the leading medical journal of the country—*La Presse Médicale Belge*, and it has been accepted as genuine by Dr. Clymer, in his paper "On Certain Dramatic Diseases of the Nervous system," published in Dr. Hammond's *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine*, the leading American periodical devoted to mental diseases.

lished at home, and supporting herself by needlework.

In the beginning of 1867, when she was seventeen years of age, she experienced a feeling of weakness and loss of appetite, and her cheeks lost their colour. She was not, however, sufficiently ill to suspend her daily work. During the latter part of the year the greenish-white colour of her face indicated great poverty of the blood, and she suffered intensely from neuralgic pains in the head. About the middle of March 1868 she was very unwell, although it was difficult to say what the disease was. She still suffered violent neuralgic pains; her appetite was completely gone, and on several occasions (between the 29th of March and the 13th of April) she spat blood, but whether it came from the lungs or stomach is uncertain. For an entire month she took nothing whatever but water and the medicines that were prescribed for her. On the 16th of April she was so exhausted that she thought that she was dying, and received the Sacrament. From that day she so rapidly improved that on the 21st she was able to walk to the parish church, a distance of three-quarters of a mile; and her remarkable cure was the first incident that attracted public attention.

This may be regarded as her turning-point from a girl to a woman; and now comes a new phase of her history. Three days after this wonderful walk the stigmata¹ first appeared; and thirteen weeks later, on the 17th of July, she began to exhibit the phenomena of ecstasy—a term which, although common both to medicine and theology, will be here used only in the former sense. The characters of the stigmata will be first considered, then those of the ecstasies, and finally the hypothesis of any possible fraud will be discussed.

1. THE STIGMATA.—The first appearance of blood issuing from her skin oc-

curred on Friday, the 24th of April, 1868, when she saw it flowing from a spot on the left side of her chest. In accordance with her ordinary reserved habits, she kept silence on the subject. The following Friday she again remarked it on the same spot, and also on the upper surface of each foot, and she now mentioned it in confession to the priest, who reassured her, and bade her not to speak of the circumstance. On the third Friday, May 8, blood began to ooze during the night from the left side and both feet, and by 9 o'clock it also flowed from the palms and backs of both the hands. Finally, on the 28th of September, the forehead also became moist with blood, and these bleedings have recurred regularly up to April 15, 1870, the date of the last published report.

From the time when the hands began to bleed it was impossible to keep the matter a secret, and reports of these remarkable facts rapidly spread throughout the district. Crowds assembled weekly round the mother's cottage, and the excitement became so great that the religious authorities felt it their duty to investigate the facts of the case. They saw, from the first, that the essential elements of it—the periodic hæmorrhage and the fits of ecstasy, in which there was a complete suspension of the exercise of the senses—were phenomena pertaining to medicine rather than to theology, and they accordingly requested Dr. Lefebvre, an eminent Louvain physician and a university professor, to examine the girl's case with the most rigid scrutiny, and to apply to it all the aids of modern science. No better selection could have been made; for, placed during a period of fifteen years at the head of the medical staff of two lunatic asylums, and having during those years regularly lectured on mental diseases, he was specially prepared by his previous duties, as well as by his personal tastes, to investigate a mysterious case of disturbance of the nervous system, such as that now presented to him. His attendance on her commenced on

¹ I need scarcely say that this term is applied by Roman Catholic writers to the marks of the wounds on our Saviour's body as shown in most pictures of the Crucifixion.

the 30th of August and has continued up to the present time.¹

He describes² the girl at the age of eighteen "as slightly below middle height, of a not very stout frame, full face, with some colour, a clear delicate skin, fair hair, soft clear blue eyes, a small mouth, remarkably good white teeth, and a pleasant intelligent expression. Her health is good, and she is free from any scrofulous or other constitutional taint. She has been always accustomed to hard work, and has shown a large amount of physical endurance."

After describing her illnesses in 1867 and 1868, he adds that "though her understanding is represented as good, she is unemotional and without any imagination—a girl of plain common sense, of a straightforward character, without enthusiasm, and very reserved. Her education is very deficient, although she has added considerably to the elementary knowledge she acquired in five months' attendance at school; she speaks French easily, and with some degree of correctness; reads with difficulty, and writes very little, and badly. She has on different occasions proved that she can act with great patience, courage, and determination. In the midst of domestic troubles, often for days without sleep, suffering many privations, and liable to the temper-fits of an unreasonable mother, she was constantly cheerful, calm, dutiful, and obliging. When only a child she was always willing and ready to help and attend on the sick, and during the cholera epidemic of 1866 in the village, she nursed many of the victims without any aid, staying with them till they died, assisting to lay them in their coffins, and sometimes even to bury them. From her childhood she was remarkably religious, her piety being practical, and

entirely free from affectation or display; her religion, like her domestic life, being simple, earnest, and straightforward."

Such were the impressions which she produced upon Dr. Lefebvre, who adds that her mother, then aged fifty-eight, was in robust health, had never suffered from any kind of or tendency to hæmorrhage, had after her confinements presented no trace of any mental affection, and was "absolument étrangère à toute impressionnabilité nerveuse."

I shall now take up the history of the stigmatic bleedings, which, as has been already observed, recur every Friday. If, on any day during the week, from Saturday till Thursday morning, the hands and feet are examined, the following phenomena present themselves:—On the back and palm of each hand there is an oval spot or patch, redder than the rest of the skin, and about half an inch in its longest diameter; these patches are dry, and somewhat glistening on the surface, and the centres of the two exactly correspond. On the dorsum and sole of each foot there are similar marks, nearly three quarters of an inch in length, and having the form of a parallelogram with rounded angles. On examining these spots with a lens magnifying twenty diameters, the *epidermis*, or scarf skin, is found to be whole, but very thin, so that the *cutis*, or true skin, can be seen through it. The latter appears to be in its natural condition, except the *papillæ*, or minute elevations in which the nerves of touch terminate, appear to be slightly atrophied and flattened. I have entered into these minute particulars with the view of showing how carefully Dr. Lefebvre has investigated these mysterious phenomena. The marks on the forehead are not permanent, and except on Fridays, the points from which the blood escapes cannot be distinguished. The chest was only occasionally examined during the ecstasy.

The signs announcing the approaching bleeding begin to show themselves on Thursday about noon. On each of the spots on the hands and feet, a vehicle or little bladder begins to rise, which

¹ In a letter which I have lately received from Dr. Lefebvre, he tells me that on his last visit (January 13, 1871), he found her condition in all respects unchanged.

² "Louise Lateau de Bois d'Haine: sa Vie, ses Extases, ses Stigmata." Etude Médicale. Louvain, 1870.

when fully formed exactly covers the patch, and is filled with transparent serous fluid of a more or less reddish tint. The bleeding almost always begins between midnight and 1 A.M. on Friday. The stigmata do not all bleed at once, but successively, and in no apparent order. A rent usually takes place in the raised cuticle, which may be either longitudinal, conical, or triangular; the serous fluid then escapes, and the blood begins to ooze from the surface of the exposed *papilla*.

On the chest the stigma lies in the space between the fifth and sixth ribs, external to and a little below the centre of the left breast. At the first examination there was no trace of a previous vesicle, but in three subsequent examinations vesicles had formed similar to those on the hands and feet, and the blood oozed from a circular spot of the raw and exposed skin nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter.

Upon four occasions Dr. Lefebvre observed blood flowing from the head. It was impossible to ascertain the condition of the skin under the hair, but on the forehead the cuticle was not raised or apparently affected, nor was there any change in the colour of the skin. The blood was seen to issue from twelve or fifteen minute points, arranged in a circular form. A band two fingers in breadth, passing round the head equidistant from the eyebrows and roots of the hair, would include this bleeding zone, which is slightly puffy and painful on pressure. On examining these points with a magnifying glass most of them had a triangular form as if made by the bites of microscopic leeches, but some were semi-lunar in shape, and others totally irregular.

The quantity of blood lost each Friday varied very much. Before the commencement of the ecstatic attacks the flow was abundant, and often lasted twenty-four hours, it being estimated that as much as a litre, or seven-eighths of a quart, was lost from the nine stigmata. Dr. Lefebvre saw fourteen linen cloths completely saturated, the largest being 20 inches by 8, and the

smallest 20 inches by 6; while in addition there was a clot of blood on the ground as large as two clenched fists. He thinks that he understates the quantity of blood lost on that day if he puts it down at eight ounces. He regards this, however, as the mean quantity lost, it being sometimes more and sometimes less. In the beginning of October 1868, the bleeding ceased about noon, and two Fridays passed without any hæmorrhage; the ecstasy on both these days happening as usual. After this date the bleeding resumed its regular periodic course, and the bloody chaplet, which was at first exceptional, now showed itself each Friday. The blood, which was carefully examined, had neither the distinct character of arterial or venous blood, but was of a violet red tint like that of the capillaries or minute hair-like vessels that unite the arteries and veins. It was natural in its consistence, and coagulation occurred rapidly. Microscopic examination showed a perfectly transparent plasma or blood-fluid, with the regular red and white corpuscles, such as are presented by ordinary blood.

On the day succeeding the bleeding—the Saturday—the stigmata are quite dry, with occasional little scales of dried blood on their surface; and the girl who, a few hours ago had much pain or trouble in using her hands, or on standing on her feet, is busy in her ordinary household duties, or walking a mile and a half to the parish church and back.

2. THE ECSTATIC FITS.—The weekly ecstasies began thirteen weeks after the bleeding was first observed, although M. Niels, the parish priest, had noticed slight attacks of unconsciousness some time previously.

On the 17th of July she fell into her first fit of confirmed ecstasy, and a similar attack has occurred regularly every subsequent Friday, at nearly the same hour, beginning between 8 A.M. and 9 A.M., and ending at about 6 P.M. They usually commence while she is engaged at her devotions, though they have also come on while she is talking

on indifferent matters, and occasionally while engaged at her work.

Louise is accustomed to pass Friday morning in prayer, the state of her hands rendering it impossible for her to discharge her household duties. Sitting quietly in a chair, the bleeding hands covered with cloths, her eyes become suddenly fixed and turned upwards. This marks the commencement of the fit. Dr. Lefebvre took the following notes of the observations which he made when the fit came on in the course of conversation. "It is half-past seven in the morning; we have been talking on common topics, about her health, education, occupations, and to all my questions her answers have been simple, precise, and laconic; her appearance is natural and tranquil, the colour of her face good, the skin cool, and the pulse seventy-two in the minute. After a while I notice that she answers more slowly, and finally not at all. She has become perfectly immoveable, with her eyes wide open, but fixed and turned upwards and a little towards the right. The ecstatic state has begun."

Dr. Imbert-Gourbeyre, Professor in the Medical School of Clermont-Ferrand, has witnessed the commencement of one of her fits under similar circumstances, but it is not necessary to quote his description.

Lastly, the ecstasy may begin when she is at her daily work. On one occasion (August 13, 1869), in the presence of Monseigneur d'Herbornez, the Roman Catholic Bishop of British Columbia, she was working with great suffering and effort at her sewing machine, with the blood oozing from the stigmata on her feet, hands, and forehead, and trickling down her temples, cheeks, and neck, upon the instrument, when it suddenly stopped, for she had at once passed into the fit. This kind of commencement has been witnessed by several distinguished persons, including a professor at the seminary of Tournay.

From the time that the ecstasy begins her state may be described as follows:

The girl sits on the edge of her chair with the body slightly inclined forward, and as motionless as a statue. The bleeding hands rest, enveloped in cloths, on her knees, while the eyes are wide open, and fixed as described. The expression of the face is that of rapt attention, and she seems lost in the contemplation of some distant object. Her physiognomy during the seizure frequently changes; sometimes the features become quite relaxed, the eyes are moist, and the mouth half open and smiling; sometimes the lids will drop and partly veil the eyes, while the brow contracts, and tears roll down the cheeks; and, at times, she grows pale, and there is a look of terror, accompanied by starts and suppressed cries. The body sometimes slowly rotates, and the eyes accompany the movement as if following some invisible object. Sometimes she rises from her chair, and moves forward several steps, standing on tiptoe, with the hands raised, and either clasped, or open like those of the *Orantes* of the catacombs; while the lips at the same time move, the breathing is rapid, the features are animated and full of emotion, and a face which ordinarily is almost plain, becomes positively beautiful.

About 1.30 p.m. she usually falls on her knees, with her hands joined and the body bent very much forwards. The expression of the countenance is now one of the profoundest contemplation. In this position she remains for about half an hour, and then resumes her seat. Towards 2 p.m. she begins again to lean slightly forward, and then rises, at first slowly and afterwards more quickly, and finally, as if by some sudden movement of projection, she falls with her face to the ground. In this position she rests on her chest, with her right arm under her head, her eyes shut, her mouth half open, and the lower limbs completely extended and covered to her heels by her dress. At 3 p.m. she makes a sudden movement; the arms are stretched out at right angles with the body in a cross-like fashion, while the feet are brought

together and crossed, the sole of the left foot lying on the upper surface of the right. This position is kept till 5 P.M., when she starts upon her knees with a bound, and assumes the attitude of one in prayer. After a few minutes of total absorption, she sits down in her chair, and remains for a time perfectly still.

The ecstatic fit lasts till about 6 or 7 P.M., when it terminates in a most appalling manner. The arms fall, and hang heavily by the side of the body; the head drops on the chest, the eyes are closed, the nose becomes pinched, and the face becomes very pale, while the hands feel like pieces of ice, and a cold sweat breaks out over the whole body; the pulse is imperceptible, and there is rattling in the throat. This state lasts for some fifteen minutes, when the pulse returns, the bodily heat rises, and the colour is restored, but there is still a peculiar indefinable expression of the face. In a little time the eyes open, one object after another is looked at and recognized, the features relax, and the ecstatic fit is over.

Dr. Lefebvre believes that during the paroxysm the intelligence, far from being dormant, is very active, although she is totally unconscious of everything that is going on around her;—in short, that all her sensations are purely subjective. She distinctly and precisely recollects everything that has passed through her mind during the attack, but she always shows the greatest repugnance to be questioned on this subject. On one occasion, however, after much pressing, she gave brief but distinct answers to the questions put to her by her physician. She told him that after the ecstasy has set in, she suddenly finds herself plunged into a vast flood of bright light; more or less distinct forms soon begin to evolve themselves, and she then witnesses the several scenes of the Passion as they successively pass before her. She minutely described the cross and the vestments, the wounds, the crown of thorns around the head of the Saviour, who (she says on special inquiry) never looks at or speaks to her.

She also gives various details regarding the persons about the cross—the disciples, holy women, Jews, and soldiers.

From noon on Thursday, when she dines more lightly than usual, to the end of the fit on Friday night, she takes absolutely no food, and only a drop of water, feeling no want of either; and if she did take them, they would not be tolerated by the stomach, for more than once, when Dr. Lefebvre ordered nourishment to be given to her during Friday, although it was taken without resistance, it was immediately rejected. Notwithstanding this complete abstinence from drink, the tongue during the fit was always observed to be moist. It is further necessary to mention that the great excretions of the body are suspended during this interval.

Special attention was paid to the condition of the nervous system, and in particular to motion and sensation. On this subject Dr. Lefebvre reports as follows:—"There is no abnormal tension of the muscles of the face, trunk, or limbs, nor are they the seat of any spasmodic contractions. When in repose, she remains sitting on the edge of her chair, as has been already stated, with the body slightly bent forward, the whole attitude being one of deep meditation. No movements are executed beyond those required for the action of the scenes she is supposed to go through. Thus at times her body becomes erect, while her hands are either clasped or are thrown apart; the mouth sometimes relaxes into a smile, and a frown may be occasionally seen on her forehead. When the limbs are moved by one of her friends, they sometimes, but not always, retain the position in which they are placed; if, for instance, the arms or legs are raised, they may remain in that position for nearly ten minutes, when they will slowly relapse into their former place. If, however, she is lifted up from her chair, and made to stand, there is evidently great muscular relaxation, and she falls backwards as soon as the support is withdrawn."

The functions of the organs of the special senses are totally suspended. The

eyes are wide open, the pupils dilated, and the lids quite immovable, except when the conjunctiva is touched, or a sudden motion is made towards the eye. A bright light may be brought suddenly before the eyes without any apparent effect being produced on them; nor do they respond to any ordinary excitation, but look vacantly into space. The ear seems insensible to ordinary sounds, for a person placed behind her has, on several occasions, loudly screamed into her ear without any indication being afforded that he was heard. General sensibility seems to be extinguished:—(1.) The mucous membranes of the nose and of the ear were tickled with a feather without exciting any movement, while a strong solution of ammonia, on being applied to the nose, produced no apparent effect. (2.) The skin of the face and hands was pricked with a needle; a large pin was thrust through a fold of the skin of the arm and of the forearm, and moved freely about in the wound; and the point of a penknife was driven into her skin by a person concealed behind her, and in none of these instances was there the slightest evidence of pain or feeblest muscular movement. (3.) A still more conclusive test was made with electro-magnetism, a strong current being passed for more than a minute along the anterior part of the forearm without producing any manifestation of pain. Every portion of the face was similarly acted upon, but there was no winking of the eyelids, nor any proof of suffering or sensibility.

Such is the state of the organic functions during the first part of the ecstasy. In the second the following facts have been observed. In a horizontal position the pulse becomes so small that it can hardly be felt, and an ordinary observer would fail to detect it. Dr. Lefebvre describes it as often resembling a mere thread. Its frequency is much increased, the pulsations, when they can be counted, exceeding 120 in the minute. The respiratory motions become more and more weak, and are often almost imperceptible; the rhythmical movements of the fringe of

the shawl about her shoulders being often the only appreciable evidence that the act of breathing is not totally suspended. While the breathing is thus becoming slower and feebler, and the pulse quicker and weaker, the bodily heat falls rapidly, and the whole surface is moistened with a cold perspiration. This condition lasts for ten minutes or more, after which the frequency and weakness of the pulse diminish, the respiratory movements increase in force, and the temperature of the body quickly regains its normal standard. A direct transition thus occurs from the ecstatic state to her ordinary bodily and mental condition without any intermediate stage. No uncomfortable feeling in the joints is complained of, and the body and limbs are supple; the face is calm, the expression serene, the intellect clear, and there is no sensation of headache.

3. THE TRUTH OF THE PRECEDING STATEMENTS.—From the brief sketch that has been here given of the history of Louise Lateau, any unbiased reader would come to the conclusion that she was a very unlikely person to be guilty of any act of deception. The whole tenour of her life is opposed to such an hypothesis; but any one unacquainted with her antecedents, on first hearing of the phenomena which she presents, would naturally feel inclined to regard them with extreme suspicion. It was Dr. Lefebvre's impression, when he first entered the cottage at Bois d'Haine, that a pious fraud was being carried out, which his scientific acumen would at a glance detect. "The suspicion," he observes, "was natural, legitimate, and even necessary; but it disappeared as soon as I was brought in contact with facts." If the stigmatization alone is considered, how could it be fraudulently accomplished? Watched by her friends, neighbours, and visitors, how, without betraying herself, could she obtain and keep concealed the necessary blistering matters, caustics, or instruments she employed? Again, different operative proceedings would be

necessary to produce the various forms of bleeding from the hands and feet and from the forehead, to say nothing about the stigma on the side. If we admit that she had at her disposal the necessary apparatus for carrying out her deception, how could an ignorant peasant, even if she had two or three accomplices, produce a phenomenon which the physician, with all the resources of his art, has not the power to effect?

The impossibility of fraud is even more evident when the question of the ecstasy is considered. It is inconceivable that a girl brought up to the hardships of daily toil, almost uneducated, who had seen nothing and read nothing, could in one day of the week, and for the whole day, transform herself into a most perfect actress; that she could simulate not only loss of sight, hearing, &c., but complete insensibility of the whole body to the most searching and painful tests, and that she could voluntarily control those functions which are ordinarily beyond the power of the will, as respiration, circulation, bodily temperature, &c.

If she presented only one of these mysterious phenomena, the stigmatization, or the ecstasy, it would seem impossible to explain it on the hypothesis of fraud. But the difficulty is incomparably increased when we consider them in association. Thus, if the chance that either phenomenon separately were due to deception was 1 in 100, the chances against both being thus capable of explanation would be 1 in 10,000.

Again, on the supposition that both the stigmatization and the ecstasy were deceptive, they would present the following insuperable difficulty. While the latter would require the practice of a prolonged immobility, a frequent movement would be requisite to apply the stimulus to the stigmata in order to keep up a bleeding that lasts from ten to twenty hours. No one could play this double part for a period of more than eighteen months without the certainty of detection, especially in a case like the present, in which the solitude might at any moment be interfered with by visitors.

As an illustration of how she might be taken by surprise, Dr. Lefebvre mentions that on April 11, 1870, he was quite unexpectedly called into the neighbourhood, and, as it was a Friday, he thought he would see Louise. The moment that he knocked at the door he was admitted, and passing through the common room where her sisters were sitting, he entered her small apartment. The time was 3.45 p.m. The Ecstatic was in a state of the most complete solitude, and he found her lying in the state already described, with her chest resting on the ground and her arms extended, insensible, and totally unconscious of all that was going on around her. Her bleeding limbs were enveloped in no less than nine cloths. The blood which had trickled down her forehead was dried; the feet had not been bleeding; on the right hand the flow was just stopping, and the clots were still soft, while on the left hand a continuous rivulet of blood escaped from both stigmata. Having satisfied himself on these points, he left her chamber without her having any knowledge of his visit.

To meet the difficulties raised by various objectors, he tried the effects produced by caustic and blistering agents. Caustics produce mortification of the skin; and an eschar is detached after a comparatively long period, and then a sore, but not a bleeding sore, is exposed. The blistering hypothesis presents less improbability, but the characteristic odours of cantharides and ammonia could never be detected, nor could the distinctive spangles of the former ever be seen with a powerful lens.

Blistering agents, it is true, produce a vesication like that which, on a small scale, precedes the bleedings from the hands and feet, but as every one knows, they merely expose the true skin, and do not cause even temporary, much less persistent, hæmorrhage. An experiment performed on November 27, 1868, utterly ruins this hypothesis. Dr. Lefebvre usually took two or three of his medical colleagues or other respectable physicians, on his visits to Bois d'Haine.

In all, he took more than a hundred, to witness the phenomena and to assist him in his investigations, and on the present occasion his companions were two well-known and eminent practitioners, Dr. Lecrinier and Dr. Severin. They found the blood flowing freely from all the stigmata, and especially from the back of the left hand. Caustic ammonia was applied to the neighbourhood of this wound, so as to produce a vesication of about the same size as that which preceded the formation of this stigma. In the course of twelve minutes the desired result was obtained, but the little blister did not spontaneously burst as it ought (on the hypothesis of fraud) to have done, and when artificially ruptured, it exposed a raw but not a bleeding surface. For about half an hour it exuded a little colourless serosity, and then it dried up. On rubbing it with a coarse cloth, a little rose-coloured serosity escaped, which, however, ceased the moment the friction was suspended.

To make the scrutiny as severe as possible, Dr. Lefebvre resolved to apply what he calls the *glove-test*. On Wednesday, February 3, 1869, at 4 P.M., in the company of Dr. Lecrinier and two other gentlemen, he visited the cottage and brought with him a pair of thick, strong, and well-stitched leather gloves. After Louise's hands had been carefully examined by the whole party and found to be in a perfectly natural state, exhibiting neither abnormal redness nor any appearance of a vesicle, she was requested to put on the gloves, which fitted her perfectly. The wristband strings (*cordonnets*) having been twisted five times round her wrist, so as to prevent the slightest interspace between the glove and the skin, were then firmly tied in a double knot and their ends were cut off, leaving only lengths of a little more than an inch. These ends were then enveloped in melted sealing-wax, and a special seal was impressed on each surface. In order to prevent the wax from sealing off from friction or any slight blow, Dr. Lefebvre enclosed the ends in small bags. A similar ap-

paratus was applied to both hands, except that in the right glove the ends of the thumb and forefinger were cut off, so as to allow Louise to pursue her ordinary occupation as a seamstress.

On the following Friday, at 7 A.M. the same party met at the cottage, and Monseigneur Ponceau, Vicar-General of the diocese of Tournay, and Drs. Moulaert of Bruges and Mussely of Deguze, were also present. After every one had thoroughly satisfied himself that the seals, strings, &c., had not been tampered with, and that it was impossible to insert the smallest instrument between the gloves and the back or palm of the hands, the strings were cut and the gloves removed. The latter were filled with blood, which also covered the surfaces of the hands. When the blood was washed off, the stigmata were seen to present exactly the same conditions as on other Fridays.

The feet, which had not been interfered with, were then examined, and the right foot was found to be bleeding freely, while the left one was dry.

Conclusive as this experiment seemed, it occurred to Dr. Lefebvre that some subtle doubter might suggest that, by some inadvertence on the part of one of those who were present at the experiment, Louise might have previously heard of the test to which she was about to be exposed, and had consequently applied her mysterious irritant before their visit. To meet this possible objection, with a new set of witnesses, he placed the gloves on her hands on a Tuesday, using the same precautions as on the previous occasion. They were removed for a few minutes twenty-four hours afterwards, and the hands found to be in a perfectly natural state; after which they were replaced as before. When the gloves were again removed on Friday morning, blood was flowing from the two stigmata of each hand in its ordinary quantity.

As a simple matter of justice, it deserves to be stated that the glove-test was suggested by Monseigneur Ponceau, who, at the request of the Bishop, super-

intended the theological part of the inquiry.

Louise herself made no more objection to the gloves than to any of the other tests, but her mother's feelings on the subject were so strong that Monseigneur Ponceau first applied them at a period when he knew that she was absent from home.¹

These experiments obviously render the hypothesis of a fraudulent production of the stigmata highly improbable, and it would be easy to show, by proofs of a similar nature, that the ecstatic fits could not be simulated. Indeed, the experiments made to show her total insensibility to all external impressions are conclusive on this point, for the most powerful and determined man in a normal condition could not resist some exhibition of feeling, if exposed to the action of a powerful electric current.

It would be out of place in these pages to enter at any length into the medical nature or pathology of the case of Louise Lateau. While most of our diseases are well understood and regularly classified, morbid conditions of a previously unrecognized nature occasionally present themselves, which, if they occur in a certain number of cases, constitute a new disease, or if they are only observed once or twice are placed in the category of "rare cases." The affections now universally known as Addison's Disease, and Leukæmia (white blood),

¹ I have not quoted this experiment in its chronological position because Dr. Lefebvre was not present. It appears that on the morning of Tuesday, December 16, 1868, he enclosed each hand in a strong leather glove, sealed at the wrist, and in a similar way fastened one foot in a stocking. The next day Dr. Lecrinier and a friend having satisfied themselves that the seals were intact, and that it was impossible, without breaking them, to touch the surfaces on which the stigmata occurred, removed one of the gloves and found no indication of redness or vesication. Louise's glove was then replaced as before. On Friday morning both gloves and the stocking being found undisturbed, they were removed by Dr. Spiltoir in the presence of eight witnesses. The results were precisely similar to those following the experiments already recorded.

had not been detected thirty years ago, and the one or two instances first noticed were placed for a time among "rare cases." Whether Louise Lateau's stigmata and ecstasies will remain among the "rare cases," or whether similar instances will be recorded, and a new disease will be based upon them, it is impossible to foretell. Dr. Lefebvre, after pointing out the leading characteristics of her bleedings, viz. their spontaneity, their periodicity, and their special seats, shows that they cannot be regarded as belonging to any of the forms of hæmorrhage recorded in our systems of medicine; and he further adds, that he cannot find a similar instance amongst the "rare cases" described in the various medical journals, &c., or collected under the above title in the medical dictionaries.¹ "Hence," he observes, "the laws of pathological physiology do not suffice to explain the production of these phenomena." M. Alfred Maury's ingenious hypothesis that Stigmatization (in the case of St. Francis) was due to a moral cause, meets with no sympathy from him. "I do not hesitate to say that it is the romance of physiology, but not physiology itself."

He then proceeds in a similar manner to consider the ecstatic fits, and shows, that although in some respects they may resemble phenomena induced by certain well-known disorders, as catalepsy and hysteria, there is a wide gulf between the two; nor do the "occult sciences," as he terms them, such as mesmerism or animal magnetism, in its various forms of hypnotism, electro-biology, &c., and spiritualism, yield any clue to the mysteries of this case; nor can they be explained, as some have suggested, as the results of natural somnambulism.

It is evident, that for the present Louise Lateau must take her place among the "rare cases," but the fact that no precisely similar instance has been recorded is no evidence against its authenticity. Spontaneous hæmorrhage is not necessarily a morbid process, and

¹ See especially the article "Cas rares" in vol. iv. of the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*.

periodicity shows itself in every vital phenomenon, the cycle ranging from a second or less (as in the case of the heart's action) to many months, and, if we accept the old doctrine of climacterics, to several years. The periodicity exhibited by intermittent fevers is, as a rule, as marked as in the phenomena presented by Louise Lateau, and at present its cause is as little known.¹ Many cases of neuralgia come on at a certain hour with the regularity of clock-work. Within the last four years, there was a boy aged twelve years and a half in St. Bartholomew's Hospital who presented every appearance of perfect health as he lay on his bed. Every morning at the same time he had a crowing and barking fit which lasted for several minutes. All that he complained of was what he called his "bump," a swelling on the right side of the neck. The slightest touch applied to the "bump" caused entire loss of sensation and consciousness, and the boy became deaf, dumb, and blind, while his body was so arched as to rest solely on the back of his head and his heels. This state lasted for a minute, when he drew a long breath, after which the spasm ceased and he fell, apparently lifeless, on the bed. By continuous gentle manipulation of the "bump," this uncon-

scious state might be prolonged for twenty minutes.

It is as difficult to explain this case as that of Louise Lateau, which in some respects it may be said to resemble; and instead of attempting, in either instance, an explanation that must be incomplete, it is better that we should patiently wait for further light.

I have not referred to any of the previously recorded cases of stigmatization, about seventy in all,—from St. Francis, who lived in the thirteenth century, and in whose history I have no faith whatever, to Maria Mörl, the Estatica of Caldarno, who was born in 1812, became marked with the stigmata in 1833, and only died three years ago,—because none of them had been submitted to so rigid a scrutiny as that of the girl who forms the subject of this article. The histories of these cases are to be found in Görres' exhaustive "*Christliche Mystik*," translated into French under the title "*La Mystique divine, naturelle et diabolique*," 1862; in "*A Letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, descriptive of the Estatica of Caldarno, the Addolorata of Capriana, &c.*," 1842; and in Dr. Lefebvre's pamphlet on Louise Lateau already cited. And while it is difficult to separate monkish legends from imperfect descriptions of rare psychophysiological cases, I must admit that I am more inclined than I formerly was to admit that some of these—especially that of Maria Mörl, to which Görres, Lord Shrewsbury, a German physician, and others have borne witness,—may have a certain substratum of truth.

¹ In consequence of its well-known power over periodic diseases, quinine in large doses was for some time regularly given to Louise Lateau on the days preceding her attacks. It had, however, not the slightest effect in altering the time of appearance of either the bleedings or of the ecstatic fits.

SPRING'S HERALDS: A REMINISCENCE.

Few days in the year are more delightful than those "Spring's Heralds" which one meets with sometimes in February and March, when before winter has yet passed away there comes a bright short season of west winds and cloudless skies. Such days come upon you with all the charm of surprise and contrast; while your skin is still nipped with cold, or wet with chilly ooze and rain, suddenly you feel the air warm and dry, and yet keen, as with the delicate keenness of the Mediterranean. Even in the town a subtle change is visible. If you are fortunate enough to live where the Middle Ages have left their legacy of grey stone and crumbling walls, you will see a light upon the grey quite different from the light of winter—even from that of the mornings when the sun shone in January. Quick as the alteration has been, you get from the very house-fronts a sense that the year has turned, or is in the act of turning. To-day, for the first time since last summer ended, you are prepared to catch, down narrow-twisted streets and curving lanes, strange Nuremberg effects of crowded roofs and chimneys, that lend a wonderful interest to your English town. Naturally, you are not left alone to enjoy the warm sunlight. The ladies from the great house have brought out their open carriage to-day; the shop-girl that serves them sighs with envy as they leave her to drive back under the brilliant sky; the alley children are out in force, keeping holiday as merrily as though their courtyard were a forest-glade.

But the delights of the day, real enough in the town, are boundless in the country. Sea, mountain, lowland, alike feel the spell. The sea is at its best: instead of the grey of yesterday, greyer for the drizzle through which you looked upon it, instead of the brown lashed with white that spread below you so often on windy winter afternoons, there lies a lake as blue and still as upon

an August day; for the salt water knows no seasons, but only darkness and sunshine, storm and calm. Or if your walk chance to lie among the Welsh mountains, or in any land of hills, experiences will crowd upon you that will recall past springs; that will cancel the winter, as it were, or at best only leave it as a background to throw out the picture. Just as the special charm of the sea, at such a time, is in the sense of a vast surface of unbroken brightness coming suddenly upon you, so the special charm of mountains in the new sunshine is their lovely variety of light and shade. Few who have climbed an Alp or a Grampian in full summertime have been blind to this; but now there is a fresh attraction in it, because it is now first visible, or rather because now for the first time the sun is warm as well as bright, and tempts you to dwell upon the exquisite alternations. That second similar thing which makes a mountaineer so delightful—the fact that the view is never for two moments the same—adds variety to variety, and on such a day would go far to intoxicate you with pleasure, if man lived through the eyes alone.

Fortunately sight is not the only sense! There are others which to-day will stimulate and satisfy, if you seek aright; there are stronger and subtler sympathies that will crowd upon you if you leave all thought of sea and mountain, and keep to the quiet midland plains. Even in landscape the plain may to-day compete with the mountain; you are not yet tired of its unbroken surface, its endless lines of road and hedge; and it has novelties that will make the novelties of the hills seem not more new. If the mountain shows light and shade, the plain shows colour. The road is dotted with the pools left by last night's rain, sparkling with a strange brightness as the sun strikes them, and lightening up, as they never need to do in summer, the sombre road and its flanking

hedges of purple brown. The hedge is brown still, with no fleck of green save where a wild-rose has shot out a leaf before her time; the fields are only struggling towards greenness where the wheat or early vetch has burst, in little lines or dots irregularly scattered, through the rich red or red-brown loam; or where the long grass-lands, smiling to-day, are just beginning to throw off the greyiness of winter. Only just now are the colours so absolutely perfect in their harmony. Another fortnight and those matchless browns will be hidden under their veil of green—lovely, it is true, but unvaried; to-day they are everywhere, quickened by the sun, enriched by the exquisite contrast of the thin streaks of springing corn. The woods, too, as yet with none of their later wealth of colour, supply the element of light and shade which the curves of the earth give among the mountains. Scarcely is the faintest tinge of green beginning to appear on the branches; but the lacework for the passage of the light is all the more open for the lack of leaves, and as you stand by the first line of beech-trees you are hardly disposed to regret the splendour of autumn. The rays fall in chequered squares upon the carpet of yellow withered fern, and straggling brambles, and last year's leaves; if your eye is quick for flowers you may see under some trunk, itself in darkest shade, the yellow disc of the primrose or a group of violets hidden behind a briar. They are best near the river; but not yet. It is the great meadow-daisies and the wilder growth of innumerable May-flowers, besides its own lilies, that the river loves. This month, to-day, its Secret is no secret of flowery fields; it has but its own shining surface, its deep dun-coloured transparency, that draws you to its banks in this March sunlight. Who has not felt at such a time how wonderfully a bright midland river harmonizes with the scenes around it? Except now, it is cold: in winter horribly cold and to be shuddered at, in summer coldly invigorating, cold by delightful contrast; but there is something in this soft afternoon that absolutely dissociates from the stream all thoughts but that of the charm it has for eye and ear. From

the hill-top it is just a strip of silver, making the eye rejoice; from its own banks it is a glancing moving mirror to the sun, and as you listen you note a new music in the whisper of its ripples.

The river brings us back to the point from which the mention of the midland plain carried us away. There is something more than the passive landscape—something of which the stream, full of sound and motion, gives the first hint: there is to-day a wonderful stimulus to life. No living thing in earth or air can resist the spell of the sunshine. Of course it is only a first awakening; Nature is niggardly as yet, and grudges you her delights. There is no butterfly, blue or sulphur-coloured, to glance across your way; no burnet-moth to flash like a flame over the green grass, no dragon-fly to hawk among the sedges: above all, there is no grasshopper to mix his shrill sound with the indefinable murmur that broods over a meadow in June. But all four-footed things are keenly alive. If you were to wait till the sun has come near his setting, you would see the rabbits come merrily out by scores; ungrateful and negligent as they have been through the day, there will be a strange vivacity in their gambols this evening, as though they had felt the spring down in their hidden homes. Then, too, the hares—the "March hares"—three by three, will be madly active and frolicsome when they have left their hiding-places and come together to feed and play. Even now, if you are content to look at humbler life, a quick eye may catch sight of a darting field-mouse, who has his own small way of being glad in the light and warmth: even the timid and terrible weasel, most mysterious of animals, half beast, half snake in his long thin body and gliding twisting motions and cruel eye, seems to forget to-day that he is the enemy of all things that have breath. Those animals that have felt the hand of man are specially conscious of the charm of these early seasons. The sheep are a shade less stupid than usual; their lambs, just old enough to begin their riotous ways, are chasing each other relentlessly, and rushing back with a piteous bleat to their

mothers for the food that never comes amiss. The cattle, whose tranquillity no change can disturb, seem yet to bear a sign of the sleekness of summer in their aspect: there is more than acquiescence in the order of things in their full deep eyes to-day; there is something like positive contentment, which to them stands in the place of exultation. The horses, too, though most of them here are old servants that have done their work, or hacks too hardly ridden, and sent here to be restored, have a social air about them, and seem to be thinking of something else than the grass and the late-earned rest from weary labour.

But the birds! Who has not envied them, who does not love them, favourite children of the mighty mother? Dowered with three priceless gifts of nest and wings and song, how infinitely they out-top all other animals; how vainly man himself, though he learn to know them, tries to rival them! As yet we have little to do with the nest, which is to most birds a thing of the real spring-time: only here and there may an early adventurer be seen, flying down the breeze and grappling with a long straw or dried blade of grass that is well-nigh too heavy for him. Later in the year it will be our task, the task of another warm afternoon, to watch the process of that dainty architecture; to watch those buildings where art and contrivance and labour serve as handmaids to love, the love of the family. Those thoughts have not yet come home to the bird's heart; love is there, but it is only growing into form, and finds its present expression in motion only, and in here and there in song. To them the sunlight is a revelation of new life. No acquiescence, no mere contentment, but joy is present to every one after his kind. Even the solemn rooks, of all birds wisest and least understood, have a quiet but very visible delight in the new order of nature. It is not summer to them; it is not even spring to their unerring wisdom; it is only a warm bright afternoon out of season, and they have to enjoy it. Placidly they go about their daily work of feeding, or meeting in their rookeries, or travelling in that systematic way of theirs. Only by

a certain additional mellowness in their cry, and by a disposition to sit basking on mounds and rails, do you detect their joy. But it is real; the same mysterious gladness which Virgil noted centuries ago is brooding over them still: *Nescio quid præter solitum dulcedine leti*; they exult in their quiet fashion at the change. The rook is a different bird to-day from what he was yesterday, when the rain was pelting him and the wind beating him hither and thither, and the boughs beneath his nest rocking like a ship at sea. Always unlike them are the birds linked with the rooks in such strange companionship, the starlings. Watch them in their flock in the pasture where the sheep are feeding. The rooks' sombre presence does not restrain them; they cannot contain themselves, pushing here, pushing there, with only half their heart in their present work of grub-finding, and the rest far away in the tree-tops, or still more likely in the holes where each is to have his nest this year. That is what the sun has done for the starling, making him even less decorous, more flighty than usual. Bright bird and most vexatious! with a dash of the south in his nature, warm-hearted, impulsive, boastful, noisy: with a dash of the tropical south even in his unrivalled plumage, and most of all in the passionate throat that swells and swells as he sits on the chimney's edge and whistles his love! It is not in crowds and companies that we like him best, but in those morning hours when, secure of one listener alone, he attends his chosen mate, and with straining voice and shaken wing gives full play to his southern nature.

The partridges have paired by this time; they are lively this afternoon, for the sun has tempted them out into the open places to bask and dream of the summer. So you will meet with them without holding close to the hedgerows, where you would have found them yesterday; they will rise with the well-known whirr and cry as you top the knoll or come into close neighbourhood of their furrow. A pair of magpies, with their white all glancing in the sun, fly out of a distant hawthorn as you come in sight. From the yollards the missel-thrush is singing

hedges of purple brown. The hedge is brown still, with no fleck of green save where a wild-rose has shot out a leaf before her time; the fields are only struggling towards greenness where the wheat or early vetch has burst, in little lines or dots irregularly scattered, through the rich red or red-brown loam; or where the long grass-lands, smiling to-day, are just beginning to throw off the greyneess of winter. Only just now are the colours so absolutely perfect in their harmony. Another fortnight and those matchless browns will be hidden under their veil of green—lovely, it is true, but unvaried; to-day they are everywhere, quickened by the sun, enriched by the exquisite contrast of the thin streaks of springing corn. The woods, too, as yet with none of their later wealth of colour, supply the element of light and shade which the curves of the earth give among the mountains. Scarcely is the faintest tinge of green beginning to appear on the branches; but the lacework for the passage of the light is all the more open for the lack of leaves, and as you stand by the first line of beech-trees you are hardly disposed to regret the splendour of autumn. The rays fall in chequered squares upon the carpet of yellow withered fern, and straggling brambles, and last year's leaves; if your eye is quick for flowers you may see under some trunk, itself in darkest shade, the yellow disc of the primrose or a group of violets hidden behind a briar. They are best near the river; but not yet. It is the great meadow-daisies and the wilder growth of innumerable May-flowers, besides its own lilies, that the river loves. This month, to-day, its Secret is no secret of flowery fields; it has but its own shining surface, its deep dun-coloured transparency, that draws you to its banks in this March sunlight. Who has not felt at such a time how wonderfully a bright midland river harmonizes with the scenes around it? Except now, it is cold: in winter horribly cold and to be shuddered at, in summer coldly invigorating, cold by delightful contrast; but there is something in this soft afternoon that absolutely dissociates from the stream all thoughts but that of the charm it has for eye and ear. From

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The river brings us back to the point from which the mention of the midland plain carried us away. There is something more than the passive landscape—something of which the stream, full of sound and motion, gives the first hint: there is to-day a wonderful stimulus to *life*. No living thing in earth or air can resist the spell of the sunshine. Of course it is only a first awakening; Nature is niggardly as yet, and grudges you her delights. There is no butterfly, blue or sulphur-coloured, to glance across your way; no burnet-moth to flash like a flame over the green grass, no dragon-fly to hawk among the sedges: above all, there is no grasshopper to mix his shrill sound with the indefinable murmur that broods over a meadow in June. But all four-footed things are keenly alive. If you were to wait till the sun has come near his setting, you would see the rabbits come merrily out by scores; ungrateful and negligent as they have been through the day, there will be a strange vivacity in their gambols this evening, as though they had felt the spring down in their hidden homes. Then, too, the hares—the “March hares”—three by three, will be madly active and frolicsome when they have left their hiding-places and come together to feed and play. Even now, if you are content to look at humbler life, a quick eye may catch sight of a darting field-mouse, who has his own small way of being glad in the light and warmth: even the timid and terrible weasel, most mysterious of animals, half beast, half snake in his long thin body and gliding twisting motions and cruel eye, seems to forget to-day that he is the enemy of all things that have breath. Those animals that have felt the hand of man are specially conscious of the charm of these early seasons. The sheep are a shade less stupid than usual; their lambs, just old enough to begin their riotous ways, are chasing each other relentlessly, and rushing back with a piteous bleat to their

mothers for the food that never comes amiss. The cattle, whose tranquillity no change can disturb, seem yet to bear a sign of the sleekness of summer in their aspect: there is more than acquiescence in the order of things in their full deep eyes to-day; there is something like positive contentment, which to them stands in the place of exultation. The horses, too, though most of them here are old servants that have done their work, or hacks too hardly ridden, and sent here to be restored, have a social air about them, and seem to be thinking of something else than the grass and the late-earned rest from weary labour.

But the birds! Who has not envied them, who does not love them, favourite children of the mighty mother? Dowered with three priceless gifts of nest and wings and song, how infinitely they out-top all other animals; how vainly man himself, though he learn to know them, tries to rival them! As yet we have little to do with the nest, which is to most birds a thing of the real spring-time: only here and there may an early adventurer be seen, flying down the breeze and grappling with a long straw or dried blade of grass that is well-nigh too heavy for him. Later in the year it will be our task, the task of another warm afternoon, to watch the process of that dainty architecture; to watch those buildings where art and contrivance and labour serve as handmaids to love, the love of the family. Those thoughts have not yet come home to the bird's heart; love is there, but it is only growing into form, and finds its present expression in motion only, and here and there in song. To them the sunlight is a revelation of new life. No acquiescence, no mere contentment, but joy is present to every one after his kind. Even the solemn rooks, of all birds wisest and least understood, have a quiet but very visible delight in the new order of nature. It is not summer to them: it is not even spring to their unerring wisdom; it is only a warm bright afternoon out of season, and they have to enjoy it. Placidly they go about their daily work of feeding, or meeting in their rookeries, or travelling in that systematic way of theirs. Only by

a certain additional mellowness in their cry, and by a disposition to sit basking on mounds and rails, do you detect their joy. But it is real; the same mysterious gladness which Virgil noted centuries ago is brooding over them still: *Nescio quid præter solitum dulcedine læti*; they exult in their quiet fashion at the change. The rook is a different bird to-day from what he was yesterday, when the rain was pelting him and the wind beating him hither and thither, and the boughs beneath his nest rocking like a ship at sea. Always unlike them are the birds linked with the rooks in such strange companionship, the starlings. Watch them in their flock in the pasture where the sheep are feeding. The rooks' sombre presence does not restrain them; they cannot contain themselves, pushing here, pushing there, with only half their heart in their present work of grub-finding, and the rest far away in the tree-tops, or still more likely in the holes where each is to have his nest this year. That is what the sun has done for the starling, making him even less decorous, more flighty than usual. Bright bird and most vexatious! with a dash of the south in his nature, warm-hearted, impulsive, boastful, noisy: with a dash of the tropical south even in his unrivalled plumage, and most of all in the passionate throat that swells and swells as he sits on the chimney's edge and whistles his love! It is not in crowds and companies that we like him best, but in those morning hours when, secure of one listener alone, he attends his chosen mate, and with straining voice and shaken wing gives full play to his southern nature.

The partridges have paired by this time; they are lively this afternoon, for the sun has tempted them out into the open places to bask and dream of the summer. So you will meet with them without holding close to the hedgerows, where you would have found them yesterday; they will rise with the well-known whirr and cry as you top the knoll or come into close neighbourhood of their furrow. A pair of magpies, with their white all glancing in the sun, fly out of a distant hawthorn as you come in sight. From the pollards the missel-thrush is singing

in that languid imitation of the blackbird, which is all the art he knows: and the blackbird himself, keeping back his song for the sunset and to-morrow's sunrise, starts with a wild note of alarm from the hedge from which the pollard springs. How the smaller birds are exulting! Their numbers are scanty as yet, and the sweetest of all singers are among those that are still lingering on the African shores, or in Italian olive-groves. The nightingale and all his train are absent; we cannot yet be captivated by the exquisite refinement that marks the note of the warblers, but there are others which to our ears, glad at this season to hear any melody, are almost as sweet as they. The chaffinch has been trying his alarum all day, improving with each repetition: the yellow-hammers cease from their aimless coquetry, and ply their notes again; and from the thicket which you are now nearing the wren is sending out volume after volume of shrillest sound. Most of all this afternoon is a perfect concert of skylarks; they are overflowing with music as ever, till, in spite of Shelley, we learn to rate them cheap for their very numerousness and ceaseless bounty. But if with single mind you listen for a moment to that wondrous strain, there is no need of a Shelley to tell you that it is precious and divine. There is no new thing to say about the skylark—his mystery has been long ago grasped by the poets, and they have been ever telling the world what he means. But it is a song that never can be old, its meaning can never fade into common-place. From his patch of sod, up and up to that point of heaven where he himself is lost and becomes a voice, that strain of varying cadence, but unvarying tone and power, comes down upon your ear, against all fancied laws of sound, with a subtle attractiveness of its own. Has he a thought of himself in it? a touch of vanity that we well might pardon in him? Unlikely: but if he had, how he would despise all other created things that might try to rival his power! "Take me a lion chained in a balloon," says Michelet's Toussenet; "his dull roaring would be lost in space. Infinitely stronger than he in voice and breath, the little lark soars as he spins

his song, which you hear when you can no longer see the singer. Gay, light, with no sense of fatigue or cost, that song seems like the joy of an invisible spirit that would console the earth." That is, perhaps, if one carried analysis very far, the real charm of birds; the sense of spontaneousness, or at least of perfect freedom which their movements and their songs present. Not their songs only—for that other gift of wings is as wonderful and mysterious; perhaps even more so to man, whose ceaseless, hopeless grief it is that he is chained and fastened to the earth. Symbol of all the fetters that bind the spirit, that inexorable law of gravitation, which admits of no compromise from man, is waived as it were at the instance of the bird. That is the second lesson of the skylark; or, if you would learn it from even brighter and gayer teachers, pass onward and look across the gate to the water-meadows that lie two fields away. No voice comes from them, but they are gay with the sun's rays, and the river shines silvery as it winds through them. That pair of lapwings that are flying over them—"seagulls of the land," if one may call them so—they shall teach you. Upward, downward, here and there; how free and inexpressibly full of grace their motions are, eager pursuit, coy avoidance, and all the arts of aerial love-making! Their glancing white and green are the uniform of the spring.

And yet it is not spring! A thick cloud has risen from the west to meet the declining sun, and shows how premature this excitement has been, how empty this delight. The air bites shrewdly: there is a murky night in store for us, and a stormy morrow. The rooks make for home; the lapwings sink back into quietness; even the wren is dumb. It is March again.

* * * *

Has not all this a "secret," such as a great poet has lately found for us in the stream? This brightness of the spring before its time, this short season, deploying such myriad charms, and yet deploying them half untruly—has it not its counterpart in the life of each of us? There is a sort of analogy in most men's

lives to the order of the natural seasons; from the first passive period of fallow-fields and dormant vitality they pass onward through the time of budding hopes to summer, and the inevitable decay. With some, it is true, there is no such apparent succession; life is all spring to them, or summer from their childhood onwards till the end comes in no wintry guise, but only as a summer storm. But, in general, the seasons of life are like Nature's seasons: like the day subject to early dawns and late afterglows, like the year subject to spells of sunshine before the spring begins, and frosty nights at Midsummer. No life is wholly objectless, and few are without a conception of a prime to be touched and passed. Passion plays a part in all lives, the chief part in almost all; and there are few—and perhaps they are not the noblest—where the balance is so evenly kept that one passion has not made itself dominant. It is in the process of this towards its satisfaction, and in its final attainment, that human life finds its spring and summer. Ambition, or the search after knowledge, or the desire to benefit others, or that nameless longing which becomes love, when it has lost its vagueness—these are to life what its own laws of motion are to the world. They give it its April and its Midsummer, and the broad repose of its July: ambition, when the young mind first becomes conscious of influencing others, and on till the time when it feels its supremacy assured; intellectual search, from the beginning of real knowledge till the mind is full, and has learnt to rest; the desire of doing good, from the first dawn of contentment in the face of the wretched peasant whom you would

console to the time when he and his begin to see a way to happiness; that other longing, from the moment of its first becoming definite to the time of love's final triumph. But all these modes of life, as they have their season, so they have their accidents of season—mistakes or premature revelations of their perfection, like this mistake of Nature to-day. These brilliant hours between two dreary nights, with flush of diffused light, with balmy breath and smiling earth and myriad voices of earth's children, are but the symbol of the moments that furtively illumine human life before its discipline of growth has been accomplished. Ambition gives many a foretaste of its success before success is possible; and the foretaste passes away and may leave bitterness behind. Knowledge, the passion of good—how often do these seem to reveal quite suddenly the splendour of their height, and yet fall back again as suddenly to their naturally imperfect stages. Disappointment is the normal atmosphere of that month of March through which life passes. Most of all is it the atmosphere that supervenes when that other vaguer, subtler desire, fancying itself no longer vague, declares itself before its time as though its own springtide were here already. This afternoon, as amid a shower of farewells the carriage rolled away, bearing with its precious burden the memory of a sunny happy time, when all that was fertile in us was made manifest, all that was vocal stirred to speech and song, the thought rose irresistibly that this passing season, with the indescribable shadowiness that marred its thousand charms, had not been the spring after all, but only a Spring's Herald.

W.

VIEWS FROM HALF-MOON STREET.

BY AZAMUT-BATUK.

I.

SOME people may already be aware of the existence of an uncle of mine, Sumbar Bey, whom I had an occasion of introducing before the English reader, who discovered that the chief unhappiness of England was in the enormous number of children and novels produced yearly in this country, and who also pointed out to me that the danger accruing from this circumstance was constantly growing stronger, because novels tended to increase the number of children, and children tended to increase the number of novels. This old nobleman came last spring again over to England, and seems to have permanently established himself here, partly out of affection for his nephew, but chiefly, I suppose, with a view to escape from the importunities of his ladies.

Sumbar Bey was formerly a naval officer, had valiantly fought at Sinope and lost his right arm. Since then he has always had a secretary to carry out his correspondence, and it was natural, when he arrived here, I should take that duty on myself, instead of causing him to entrust it to a stranger. I thus became acquainted not only with all the secrets of his personal and family relations, but with all his views upon England. The subjects on which he writes are of course very various. The man being an invalid, and having absolutely nothing to do, gives me a great deal of work, writing to-day to his ladies upon domestic and matrimonial affairs, or admonishing them; to-morrow to his friend upon politics, then upon theatres, then upon dinner and evening parties; in short, upon everything that strikes him in what he sees, hears, or reads here. Normal facts—that is to say,

such facts as he can understand—he never discusses in his letters. Anything, however great or magnificent, he sees, he contemplates with all the impassibility of his Oriental nature. But he dwells endlessly on subjects which strike his mind as being strange or incongruous. He thinks that, speaking generally, if there exist two opinions on a subject, one must obviously be the production of stupidity, and therefore, when he writes on something with which he cannot agree, he exerts his best efforts to make it understood that either what he sees is stupid, or that he himself is stupid, and he seems always to ask his correspondents' opinion as to who is, in this or that particular case, the stupid party,—he, or those he cannot understand. Heartily wishing, as I do, to get more intellectual benefit out of everything I come across in life, I have always paid the greatest attention to the subjects of my uncle's perplexities, and carefully watched the opinions of his correspondents concerning them. But these opinions were constantly so varying and so little agreeing with one another, that I came to the conclusion that the best plan would be for me to reproduce some of his letters, without his knowing it, somewhere in an English periodical, and thus take my chance of having, occasionally, an answer or an explanation at least to some of the points, and this from civilized Englishmen instead of mere Asiatics like my countrymen.

Lately, of course, the attention of my uncle was chiefly directed to political subjects and to the war questions, although occasionally he has indulged in other matters, and here is one of his later letters, written to a very clever Turkish statesman and an old friend of his:—

50, Half-moon Street,

March 18th.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—Before everything, allow me to call Allah's benediction upon your venerable head, and then take my best apology for my having so long not written to you. But I was moving to my new house in Half Moon Street, which street, I have been informed, was specially intended for Turkish residents, and named so in their honour. Then I was constantly watching the progress of political affairs, and of that great struggle which has just ended on the Continent. Now that peace is concluded, I have both more time and more topics to write to you upon. So long as war was going on we had here constant talks and reports about battles lost and won, about thousands of people killed, whole armies taken prisoners, &c. Now we are thoroughly delighted that peace has been concluded. We put out big placards with "Peace! Peace! Peace!" all over them, and announcing that for five pounds one can go over to Paris and stay six days, with hotel accommodation. What we have previously lamented about, is now merely a curious sight for us. The newspapers have hired several special engines and steamers to carry over their correspondents to Berlin, and Paris, and at every place where the King is likely to pass; and in the meantime, and until these distinguished writers will send some eloquent and sensational descriptions, the newspapers are carrying on the discussion whether the peace is a stable one, and whether the conditions imposed on France by Bismarck are exorbitant or not. To the honour of the English people it must be said, that they don't allow their journals openly to support the Prussians; but to my shame I must avow that I don't quite understand yet what they really think about the whole of this business, and what they intend doing for the future.

Many years ago, when the nationality movement began to show itself in Italy, Germany, as well as in the Slavonian countries, Englishmen repudiated the movement altogether, as a thing not deserving of any attention whatever—almost

as foolishness. They supported, indeed, the Italian movement, but that was due chiefly to the need the businesslike Anglo-Saxon race has of sometimes allowing itself poetical enjoyment. They supported the movement of Italy towards unity just as they go to listen to the Italian Opera, or to look at Italian pictures. English ladies went quite mad about Garibaldi, and English statesmen and newspaper writers went just as mad about Cavour. No doubt, whether it was poetry or anything else, the feeling shown in England towards Italy has borne good fruit; but on account of that they ought not to fall into mistake upon the real meaning of the question which lies at the bottom of the movement recently concluded by the final fall of the Pope's temporal power.

You used very justly to say, that Cavour has always much more deserved admiration for what he said than what he did; and he was the first man to say that the King of Prussia and Bismarck would be the great winners, and France and England the great losers, in Italian affairs. He perfectly understood that, the unity of Italy being a consummated fact, the unity of Germany would follow it; and he also perfectly understood, that neither France nor England had anything to gain through the progress of the principle of nationalities. Almost in the same light has this question been viewed by those blackguards calling themselves the Slavonic patriots. All of them—those under the rule of Russia as well as those under the rule of Austria and our own—have all rejoiced at the unity of Italy, not so much on account of Italy itself as on account of the fact that the principle of nationality had made its way, and that they had thus a fair precedent before them.

Now in England very few have paid attention to this point. The Press, as well as the members of both Houses, are constantly expressing their satisfaction at seeing the unity of Germany realized. The Queen herself, in her recent most gracious speech, declared that she has offered her congratulations on the event of the King of Prussia accepting the title of Emperor of Germany, which event, ac-

cording to her Majesty, "bears testimony to the stability and independence of Germany," and—so her Majesty trusts—"may be found conducive to the stability of the European system." Yet, if the general admiration of great *faits accomplis* in matters of politics was not so intense in England, one would be utterly unable to understand how such a conclusion could have been arrived at. At all events I, for my part, don't really know where they got this notion that the unity of Germany can be conducive to peace and the stability of the European system. The German Empire, as it is constituted now, does not, still, include the whole German race, and consequently there will be a continuous attempt to complete the plan. The eight or nine millions of Austrians who are still under the rule of Austria will be constantly looked upon as something yet to be added to Germany, and a good many of them will themselves tend in this direction. This alone must sooner or later bring conflict between Austria and Germany. On the other hand, the wretched Slavonian populations now under the rule of Austria, and our own, seeing that the unity of Germany is an accomplished fact, and above all, seeing the advantages this unity must have for them in many respects, will naturally tend to make just as much out of their claims. And there can be no doubt that neither Austria nor we will consent to lose so many millions of our subjects without a great deal of struggling, into which England may be drawn much easier than can generally be supposed at present. What peace and stability of the European system may be expected under such circumstances? What sort of advantage can England derive from the Austrian Emperor being transformed into a petty king of Hungary, and his Majesty the Sultan, my master, into a still pettier Asiatic prince, both utterly powerless to struggle with their mighty neighbours?

Then reflect again that these disadvantages, great as they may be, are only indirect ones for England. But there are direct ones, too. If the principle of nationality—consisting in an idea that all people speaking the same tongue, professing the same religion, and having

a common extraction, should live under one rule—is correct, then the reverse principle—that all people speaking different languages, professing different religions, and of different extraction, should exist separately—must be correct also, and must be accepted in all those cases in which such peoples wish to live and to be governed separately. There is no palpable evidence to show why, if the unity of Germany and the Slavonian race must be conducive to peace and the stability of the European system, the preservation of Irish people and of various Indian tribes under English rule must not be conducive to the very reverse.

Consequent on all these considerations, I must think, until the contrary is proved to me by your deep insight into political matters, that unless England has taken the resolution of uniting, one way or another, the whole English-speaking race, both in the Old and New World, under her rule, she ought never to have supported in any way the principle of nationality, and that through rejoicing now too much about the completion of German unity she can easily get into serious troubles.

It would seem however that, although the Government gives assurances of its hope in peace and the general welfare of Europe for the future, people don't quite believe it; and you can both hear and read everywhere the subject of the "effacement of England" being discussed. The other day there was a long talk in Parliament upon the same subject, when the Marquis of Salisbury was endeavouring to show that everything was getting wrong with England, while Lord Granville tried to prove that everything was more right than ever. The debate being given in the *Times* in full, I hope you will find some one to translate it to you, and will perhaps be kind enough to favour me with an information as to whether you are on the side of the Marquis of Salisbury's manner of viewing the question, or of Lord Granville's. As a matter of course there is still a great deal of confidence shown in the old glory of England, in the steadiness of its citizens, and in the gracious aid of their God; but there is already a considerable progress to be

noticed in the direction of an advice given long ago to the English by one of their greatest men that they should "Trust in God; and keep their powder dry." So, for instance, they show an inclination of reforming their army upon a rather large scale, and are vehemently discussing, if not yet the plan itself, at least some of the minor details of a bill about to be introduced. I fear only that they will have rather hard work of it, and will scarcely be able to get themselves into a proper state of defence before the invasion of the new Vandals can take place. From a discussion which took place in the House of Lords between Lord Carnarvon and Lord Northbrook, I see that it is no more a secret to anyone that England has even no gunpowder in store, or that the powder she had was of a kind which would only injure the guns, and that for powder of this quality the Government was paying twice its value. Things of this sort had been already whispered a few months back, but now, since they are so openly spoken of, there would scarcely be anyone who does not share Lord Carnarvon's apprehension that if any attack was made upon English shores, the first catastrophe might also be the last.

As you will easily understand, I should greatly rejoice at seeing an improvement of this sort in the public, if not in the Governmental mind of England, for it would give us a guarantee that our ally intends awakening from its degrading mercantile and clerical torpor. But one can scarcely hope that this seeming awakening will lead to anything worth having, for until this very moment you can still see that on the question of the effacement of England, for instance, there are only a couple of speakers in the whole House; on the question of want of powder, or any other mismanagement, also only a couple of gentlemen venture to express their opinions. While if the question arises about something connected with what Mr. Bright used to call, "ecclesiastical rubbish," then you are sure to have a dozen speakers at least. Last night, for instance, there was a discussion in the House of Lords consequent on

some visiting justices in certain counties objecting to Roman Catholic priests attending the prisons and refusing to give them their salaries. To every non-Englishman it would appear quite obvious, that since there is liberty of religion in a country, and since there are Catholic criminals, they ought to have Catholic priests attending the prisons, and who should have their services paid as all services are. Now to Englishmen the question appears otherwise. In many prisons you will find that the greatest difficulty is made both to Catholics and Dissenters having their spiritual advisers admitted to them, and the highest legislative institution in the country finds it not only possible to admit such a question for discussion, but finds about a dozen of its members willing to speak on it. Lord Delawarr, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Morley, Lord Stanhope, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Cleveland, Lord Kimberley, Lord Halifax, Lord O'Hagan, and I think several other Lords and Dukes, found it possible to dwell for a long time upon such a question. Now I leave it to you to judge whether with this disposition of the English mind we can expect them speedily to arrive at satisfactory results in more serious affairs.

Sometimes, I must avow, I am turning quite melancholy under the pressure of this sort of thoughts, and don't know what to make of myself. Occasionally I attempted to divert myself by some music, but could never find anything suitable. Englishmen are in this respect, as in all others, the very reverse of other nations; they often play jolly music on State occasions, or in their churches; but when they pretend to amuse themselves they play sacred music, or some such sort of musical production, which the mass of the listeners are thoroughly unable to understand. There are, for instance, concerts given in St. James's Hall, called "Popular," and, having last Monday one of my melancholy fits, I attempted to partake of this popular distraction. Yet, I must avow, I could not get anything else but a couple of hours' most sleep in company with about a thousand

people sleeping or at least yawning as profoundly as myself. Only twice were we a little awakened by the appearance of a gentleman named Mr. Santley, who told us how a man called Timotheus cried for revenge on account of some furies having arisen with some snakes and torches in their hands, and of some Greeks having remained ingloriously unburied after a battle. This story Mr. Santley told us very nicely indeed, just like it was for the first time told on February 19th, 1736, when the occurrence seems to have taken place, and shortly afterwards (I do not mean after February 1736, but after this cantata) the same gentleman came and explained to us in a very pretty song that nothing in the world was single, and that by a Divine law, every being was doing its best to be mingled with another being in sweet emotions, and that he could not see the reason why he should not be the same with a lady he knew. I even supposed that the lady he wished to be mingled with was in the Hall, for he addressed her rather personally, saying with the sweetest expression—

"Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle!
Why not I with thine!"

Truly speaking, I do not think such declarations very proper to be made in public, but since these words were written by so great a poet as Mr. Shelley and set to music by so great a musician as Mr. Gounod, and sung by so great an artist as Mr. Santley, every one seemed to believe it was all right, including even the numerous ladies present. I am almost sure that, had I told something of that sort publicly to a lady, they would have called the police to give me in custody, but when celebrities say this they are quite delighted. So it is in almost all things with people over here. If I or you, my dear friend, had composed just what Beethoven, or Mozart has composed, Englishmen would not listen for a single moment to our production; but since great names are attached to them, everybody thinks himself bound to

express his delight and to pay his tribute of admiration. Thus you see all over the world matters are going in the same way.

As I have already mentioned the presence of ladies at this concert, I cannot help avowing here that I greatly admired some of them; the only permanent objection I find is that they always appear in public only half dressed, and they not only do so at theatres, concerts, and evening parties, but even in the street, for sometime since I saw many of them returning from a Court entertainment with bare shoulders and arms on a wintry morning. Under such circumstances—I mean with so little dress on them when they go out on wintry days—there is nothing astonishing that the ladies seem to die away very fast in England, and that many gentlemen are forced to take precautions concerning such an eventuality as the death of their wives, by labouring now in Parliament for the passing of a Bill allowing them to marry the deceased wife's sister. It is obvious to me that if the wives could be expected to live sufficiently long, their husbands would have no occasion to take such precautions for the future. As things stand now, however, they are endeavouring to do so, and, it appears, find great difficulty in carrying out these precautions. The majority of the gentlemen argue that, in case of the wife dying and some children being left, the most expedient plan is to marry the sister of the deceased wife, with the view of transforming an often selfish aunt into a kind-hearted mother. At the same time, and as a matter of course, the gentlemen themselves get a younger and often a more handsome lady than the deceased. So far, the plan seems to me, from a practical point of view, quite fair and intelligible. But it seems there are several objections from a clerical and social point of view. At all events many high clerical authorities, especially those who sit in the Upper House, greatly object to such marriages, saying that they are contrary to the marriage law founded on "the Word of God," that "affinity and consanguinity must be placed upon the same footing," and that if this is not done "the whole of the laws concerning marriage are thrown loose from all definite principle."

While the clergy are thus opposing this sort of marriage on a purely theoretical ground, a good many people at large object to it from a social point of view. These, as far as I know, are chiefly represented by an evening newspaper of high standing, and had until lately a very skilful supporter in the deceased gentleman of the name of Arminius, Baron von Thunder-ten-Tronckh. I cannot quite understand yet all the arguments this section brings forward, but I think they reduce themselves to one most valid, that, the permission to marry a deceased wife's sister being granted, many men will begin to marry the wife's sister before the wife is dead, and this danger appears to them as being very great, consequent upon the English custom that the sister-in-law often lives at her brother-in-law's house. A natural answer to this could be that, if the Bill is passed and if the danger exists, the custom of keeping the sister-in-law in the brother-in-law's house should be given up, a measure the more advantageous as it would lessen the opportunities for quarrelling among the members of the family. But then again many people—and more especially a reverend gentleman who has been delivering speeches in opposition to the Bill in several places in England and Scotland—object, that this “will revolutionize the entire home-life of the country.” Thus, as you see, the disagreement between the two parties is a very thorough one indeed, and the party headed by a distinguished gentleman of the name of Mr. Chambers, M.P., and that headed by the high dignitaries of the Church, and as I said until lately by Arminius, Baron von Thunder-ten-Tronckh, will hardly ever come to any sort of agreement. Happily enough, England is a country where it is a custom to talk and to quarrel only when something is about to be passed into law, while when it is passed everyone will agree with it; and some of those who formerly most extravagantly opposed the measure may be found taking advantage of it. Still, just now, the quarrel about the wife's sister is at its climax, and the other night there was

held “a large and enthusiastic meeting” at Willis's Rooms, which presented to me considerable interest.

The external appearance of this meeting was as usual; the hall was “crowded,” and the platform was as usual ornamented with a fair number of gentlemen of position, of whom several delivered speeches, several others knocked, crying “hear, hear,” and a few slept. There was one, however, who did all three things together, he slept almost the whole time, yet when he heard people knocking around him he knocked too, often without opening his eyes, and then jumped up and delivered a very clever extempore and ex-dream speech. This gentleman pleased me very much: in the first place, because of his highly sympathetic after-dinner countenance; and, in the second place, because, although I constantly see people sleep to the accompaniment of speeches, and more especially sermons, I never saw them jump up so quickly and be able to deliver, at once, an oration quite suitable to the occasion.

The meeting was one thoroughly in favour of the measure, and all the speakers concurred in showing that what the clergy say to be the Word of God, with reference to this subject, is not to be found in the Bible at all; that some of them had consulted a great Jewish Rabbi, who, according to one of the speakers, was “a greater authority in the interpretation of the Bible than all the Bishops of England put together,” and that this Rabbi was of opinion that the marriages with a deceased wife's sister were not only not objectionable, but, as far as his experience had shown to him, highly beneficial, and that such marriages had been considered by his people as legal, and in conformity with the Word of God, for three thousand years. To an argument of so long a standing, all the speakers, to begin with the chairman, Dr. Brewer, M.P., and to end with a carpenter who took part in the deliberations, added, that the present law had been long repealed in society, and had become virtually obsolete; and that while the rich are able to evade the law by contracting their alliances abroad, poor people have not the possibility

of doing so, and that this was the great hardship of the law. On all the chairs of the hall was further put the following handbill:—

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE"—

HENRY CHARLES FITZROY SOMERSET, DUKE OF BEAUFORT, is the son of a Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister; he is a **LAWFUL** son, and inherits his father's titles and estates, and sits in the House of Lords—

"AND NOW LOOK ON THAT"—

CHARLES ARMITAGE BROOK, of Meltham Hall, near Huddersfield, was the son of a Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, but he was NOT a lawful son; the House of Lords (which had received the Duke of Beaufort among its Members) pronounced him illegitimate, and that as he died under twenty-one, and without a will, all his property must go to the Crown.

Whence this different treatment of these two children?—The Duke of Beaufort was born in 1824, and Charles Armitage Brook was born in 1854!—That is all the difference between the two cases. And shall this unjust distinction continue? It is for the people of this country to say.

PETITION! PETITION! PETITION!

From all this you will perceive that the discussion, if it was not very intelligible, was nevertheless a rather lively one. So, for instance, a gentleman of the name of Mr. Heywood made the audience laugh very much by saying that the question of marrying a deceased wife's sister has been not only thoroughly ventilated in Parliament and in the country, but that last year the House of Commons had a session on this subject of several successive hours in the afternoon under the most favourable circumstances, for "none of the members had anything to drink," and could therefore consider the matter without any excitement whatever. Still if you ask me which of the two parties, that supporting or that opposing the Bill, is in the right or wrong, I should be unable to answer you, as, probably, you also will be unable to make out. But what I am able to testify is that the meeting was attended by a very great number of nice-looking ladies, which caused me great pleasure, as in other meetings I have seldom seen pleasant aces, especially at the meetings concern-

ing women's rights which are so frequent in England. I always thought that nice-looking ladies, having everywhere all rights they want, did not care to go to those meetings, and I was pleased to see them in so great a number on the present occasion. A friend of mine, a reporter of one of the newspapers, who was taking shorthand notes of what the gentlemen were saying, and who particularly delighted in taking notes of the ex-dream speech delivered by the sleepy speaker, told me, upon my questioning him why the attendance of ladies was so great, that there was a special appeal made to them in the newspapers, and that according to his supposition the majority of those ladies were either deceased wives' sisters or such as expected shortly to become so. This of course only increased the attention with which I examined these charming ladies, and when comparing them with the majority of the gentlemen who attended that meeting I was struck by the fact that the latter were by far not so handsome as several of those I saw at the women's right meetings, such as, for instance, the Hon. Auberon Herbert, Sir Robert Anstruther, or Sir Charles Dilke. On closer thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that this fact could only be explained in one way,—namely, that the handsome gentlemen were anxious to get rid of the unhandsome ladies by giving them some sort of work to do, so that they should leave them in peace and not pursue them with their affection: hence their exertions in favour of women's rights and women's work. While, on the other hand, the gentlemen who had not received such happy qualifications from nature, wished to secure for themselves some ladies with whom more or less long family relations have brought them sufficiently near to make friendly affection or habit strong enough to substitute a not very easily realizable "amours divins, ardent flames." Hence their inclination towards their wives' sisters.

I am afraid, my dear and venerable friend, that I have already taken too much of your precious time, otherwise I should still go on; for, Parliament being now assembled, politics alone would give me

an inexhaustible source of topics to be exposed to your consideration. But I dare not trouble you any more to-day, and, calling once more the blessing of Allah upon your venerable head, and asking you to do the same with regard to my humble one,

I remain,

Yours for ever,

And here my uncle made with his left hand two unintelligible hieroglyphics which are known to his friends as his signature. I was already about to close the letter, when he hurriedly stopped me. "Stop a moment," said he to me, "add the venerable old man a postscript. Tell him that the Minister of Marine having sent in his resignation, a new one has been appointed, who, although of commercial profession, has done a great deal of good in managing the relief

of the poor of this country, and that another gentleman of the name of Mr. Stansfeld, who knows perfectly well the marine affairs, will now be the President of the Poor Law Board. The old man will, naturally enough, be puzzled, why the skilful member of the Admiralty should not remain in the occupation he knows, and the skilful Poor Law administrator in the occupation he was used to. But then explain to him that since half and cross-breeding in cattle has shown such splendid results to English farmers, an analogous principle seems to have been adopted with reference, if not to the statesmen themselves, at all events to their duties, and that people are now anxiously waiting what will be the result of this experiment."

And this I did explain in the postscript my uncle wished me to make, leaving, of course, the whole responsibility for this interpretation solely upon his shoulders.

DREAMS

AS ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

In a paper published in this Magazine in November 1870, I endeavoured to range together a considerable number of facts illustrative of the automatic action of the brain. My purpose in the present article is to treat more at length one class of such phenomena to which I could not afford space proportionate to their interest, in the wide survey required by the design of the former article. I shall seek to obtain from some familiar and some more rare examples of dreams such light as they may be calculated to throw on the nature of brain-work, unregulated by the will. Perhaps I may be allowed to add, as an apology for once more venturing into this field of inquiry, that the large number of letters and friendly criticisms which my first paper called forth have both encouraged me to pursue the subject by showing how much interest is felt in its popular treatment, and hence also afforded me the advantage of the experience of many other minds regarding some of the obscure mental phenomena in question. In the present case I shall feel grateful to any reader who will correct from personal knowledge any statement I may have used which he finds erroneous. Dr. Carpenter, I am permitted to state, purposes shortly to republish, with additional matter, the sections of the eleventh chapter of his "Human Physiology," withdrawn from the later editions of that work, which treat of the action of the cerebral organs and their relation to the operations of the mind. In this work the physiological theory of unconscious cerebration will be explained at length, with ample illustrations.

Dreams are to our waking thoughts much like echoes to music; but their reverberations are so partial, so varied, so complex, that it is almost in vain we seek among the notes of consciousness for the echoes of the dream. If we could by any means ascertain on what principle our dreams for a given night are arranged, and why one idea more than another furnishes their cue, it would be comparatively easy to follow out the chain of associations by which they unroll themselves afterwards; and to note the singular ease and delicacy whereby subordinate topics, recently wafted across our minds, are seized and woven into the network of the dream. But the reason why from among the five thousand thoughts of the day, we revert at night especially to thoughts number 2, 3, 4, 5, instead of to thoughts number 2, 3, 4, 6, or any other in the list, is obviously impossible to conjecture. We can but observe that the echo of the one note has been caught, and of the others lost amid the obscure caverns of the memory. Certain broad rules, however, may be remarked as obtaining generally as regards the topics of dreams. In the first place, if we have any present considerable *physical* sensation or pain, such as may be produced by a wound, or a fit of indigestion, or hunger, or an unaccustomed sound, we are pretty sure to dream of it in preference to any subject of *mental* interest only. Again, if we have merely a slight sensation of uneasiness, insufficient to cause a dream, it will yet be enough to colour a dream otherwise suggested with a disagreeable hue. Failing to have a dream suggested to it by present physical sensation, the

brain seems to revert to the subjects of thought of the previous day, or of some former period of life, and to take up one or other of them as a theme on which to play variations. As before remarked, the grounds of choice among all such subjects cannot be ascertained, but the predilection of Morpheus for those which we have *not* in our waking hours thought most interesting, is very noticeable. Very rarely indeed do our dreams take up the matter which has most engrossed us for hours before we sleep. A wholesome law of variety comes into play, and the brain seems to decide, "I have had enough of politics, or Greek, or fox-hunting, for this time. Now I will amuse myself quite differently." Very often, perhaps we may say generally, it pounces on some transient thought which has flown like a swallow across it by daylight, and insists on holding it fast through the night. Only when our attention to any subject has more or less transgressed the bounds of health, and we have been morbidly excited about it, does the main topic of the day recur to us in dreaming at night; and that it should do so, ought, I imagine, always to serve as a warning that we have strained our mental powers a little too far. Lastly, there are dreams whose origin is not in any past *thought*, but in some *sentiment* vivid and pervading enough to make itself dumbly felt even in sleep. Of the nature of the dreams so caused we shall speak presently.

The subject of a dream being, as we must now suppose, suggested to the brain on some such principles as the above, the next thing to be noted is, How does the brain treat its theme when it has got it? Does it drily reflect upon it, as we are wont to do awake? Or does it pursue a course wholly foreign to the laws of waking thoughts? It does, I conceive, neither one nor the other, but treats its theme, whenever it is possible to do so, according to a certain very important, though obscure, law of thought, whose action we are too apt to ignore. We have been accustomed to consider the myth-creating power of the human mind

as one specially belonging to the earlier stages of growth of society and of the individual. It will throw, I think, a rather curious light on the subject if we discover that this instinct exists in every one of us, and exerts itself with more or less energy through the whole of our lives. In hours of waking consciousness, indeed, it is suppressed, or has only the narrowest range of exercise, as in the tendency, noticeable in all persons not of the very strictest veracity, to supplement an incomplete anecdote with explanatory incidents, or to throw a slightly known story into the dramatic form, with dialogues constructed out of our own consciousness. But such small play of the myth-making faculty is nothing compared to its achievements during sleep. The instant that daylight and common sense are excluded, the fairy-work begins. At the very least half our dreams (unless I greatly err) are nothing else than myths formed by unconscious cerebration on the same approved principles, whereby Greece and India and Scandinavia gave to us the stories which we were once pleased to set apart as "mythology" proper. Have we not here, then, evidence that there is a real law of the human mind causing us constantly to compose ingenious fables explanatory of the phenomena around us,—a law which only sinks into abeyance in the waking hours of persons in whom the reason has been highly cultivated, and which resumes its sway even over their well-tutored brains when they sleep?

Most dreams lend themselves easily to the myth-making process; but pre-eminently dreams originating in Sensation or in Sentiment do so. Of those which arise from memory of Ideas only we shall speak by and by.

Nothing can better illustrate the Sensation myth than the well-known story recorded of himself by Reid. "The only distinct dream I had ever since I was about sixteen, as far as I remember, was two years ago. I had got my head blistered for a fall. A plaster which was put on it after the blister pained me excessively for the

whole night. In the morning I slept a little, and dreamed very distinctly that I had fallen into the hands of a party of Indians and was scalped."¹

The number of mental operations needful for the transmutation of the sensation of a blistered head into a dream of Red Indians, is very worthy of remark. First, Perception of pain, and allotment of it to its true place in the body. Secondly, Reason seeking the cause of the phenomenon. Thirdly, Memory suppressing the real cause, and supplying from its stores of knowledge an hypothesis of a cause suited to produce the phenomenon. Lastly, Imagination stepping in precisely at this juncture, fastening on this suggestion of memory, and instantly presenting it as a *tableau vivant*, with proper decorations and *couleur locale*. The only intellectual faculty which remains dormant seems to be the Judgment, which has allowed memory and imagination to work regardless of those limits of probability which would have been set to them awake. If, when awake, we feel a pain which we do not wholly understand, say a twinge in the foot, we speculate upon its cause only within the very narrow series of actual probabilities. It may be a nail in our boot, a chilblain, a wasp, or so on. It does not even cross our minds that it may be a sworn tormentor with red-hot pincers; but the same sensation experienced asleep will very probably be explained by a dream of the sworn tormentor or some other cause which the relations of time and space render equally inapplicable.² Let it be noted, however, that

even in the waking brain a great deal of myth-making goes on after the formation of the most rational hypothesis. If we imagine that a pain is caused by any serious disease, we almost inevitably fancy we experience all the other symptoms of the malady, of which we happen to have heard—symptoms which disappear, as if by magic, when the physician laughs at our fears, and tells us our pain is caused by some trifling local affection.

Each of my readers could doubtless supply illustrations of myth-making as good as that of Dr. Reid. It happened to me once to visit a friend delirious from fever, who lay in a bed facing a large old mirror, whose gilt wood-frame, of Chinese design, presented a series of innumerable spikes, pinnacles, and pagodas. On being asked how she was feeling, my poor friend complained of much internal dolour, but added with touching simplicity: "And it is no great wonder, I am sure! (whisper) I've swallowed that looking-glass!"

Again as regards Sentiments. If we have seen a forbidding-looking beggar in the streets in the morning, nothing is more probable than that our vague and transient sense of distrust will be justified by ingenious fancy taking up the theme at night, and representing a burglar bursting into our bedroom,

precede any intellectual failure), and these sentiments similarly give rise to their appropriate delusions. In the first case we have maniacs like the poor lady who wrote her confessions to Dr. Forbes Winslow ("Obscure Diseases of the Brain," p. 79), and who describes how, on being taken to an asylum, the pillars before the door, the ploughed field in front, and other details, successively suggested to her the belief that she was in a Romish convent where she would be "scourged and taken to purgatory," and in a medical college where the inmates were undergoing a process preparatory to dissection! In the second case, that of morbid Sentiments, we have insane delusions like those which prompted the suspicious Rousseau to accuse Hume of poisoning him, and all the mournfully grotesque train of the victims of pride who fill our pauper hospitals with kings, queens, and prophets. Merely suppose these poor maniacs are recounting dreams, and there would be little to remark about them except their persistent character.

¹ Works of Dugald Stewart. Edited by Sir W. Hamilton. Vol. x. p. 321.

² The analogy between insanity and a state of prolonged dream is too striking to be overlooked by any student of the latter subject. The delusions of insanity seem in fact little else but a series of such myths accounting for either sensations or sentiments as those above ascribed to dreaming. The maniac sees and hears more than a man asleep, and his sensations consequently give rise to numberless delusions. He is also usually possessed by some morbid moral sentiment, such as suspicion, hatred, avarice, or extravagant self-esteem (held by Dr. Carpenter nearly always to

presenting a pistol to our temples, and at the supreme moment disclosing the features of the objectionable mendicant. Hope, of course when vividly excited, represents for us scores of sweet scenes in which our desire is fulfilled with every pleasing variation; and Care and Fear have, alas! even more powerful machinery for the realization of their terrors. The longing of affection for the return of the dead has, perhaps more than any other sentiment, the power of creating myths of reunion, whose dissipation on awakening are amongst the keenest agonies of bereavement. By a singular semi-survival of memory through such dreams we seem always to be dimly aware that the person whose return we greet so rapturously *has been dead*; and the obvious incongruity of our circumstances, our dress, and the very sorrow we confide at once to their tenderness, with the sight of them again in their familiar places, drives our imagination to fresh shifts to explain it. Sometimes the beloved one has been abroad, and is come home; sometimes the death was a mistake, and some one else was buried in that grave wherein we saw the coffin lowered; sometimes a friendly physician has carried away the patient to his own home, and brought us there after long months to find him recovered by his care.

One of the most affecting mythical dreams which have come to my knowledge, remarkable also as an instance of dream-poetry, is that of a lady who confessed to have been pondering on the day before her dream on the many duties which "bound her to life." The phrase which I have used as a familiar metaphor became to her a visible allegory. She dreamed that Life—a strong, calm, cruel woman—was binding her limbs with steel fetters, which she felt as well as saw; and Death as an angel of mercy hung hovering in the distance, unable to approach or deliver her. In this most singular dream her feelings found expression in the following touching verses, which she remembered on waking, and which she has permitted me to quote precisely in the fragmentary

state in which they remained on her memory.

"Then I cried with weary breath,
Oh be merciful, great Death!
Take me to thy kingdom deep,
Where grief is stilled in sleep,
Where the weary hearts find rest.

* * * *

Ah, kind Death, it cannot be
That there is no room for me
In all thy chambers vast . . .
See, strong Life has bound me fast:
Break her chains, and set me free.

But cold Death makes no reply,
Will not hear my bitter cry;
Cruel Life still holds me fast;
Yet true Death must come at last,
Conquer Life and set me free."

A dream twice occurred to me at intervals of years where the mythical character almost assumed the dimensions of the sublime, insomuch that I can scarcely recall it without awe. I dreamed that I was standing on a certain broad grassy space before the door of my old home. It was totally dark, but I was aware that I was in the midst of an immense crowd. We were all gazing upward into the murky sky, and a sense of some fearful calamity was over us, so that no one spoke aloud. Suddenly overhead appeared, through a rift in the black heavens, a branch of stars which I recognized as the belt and sword of Orion. Then went forth a cry of despair from all our hearts! We knew, though no one said it, that these stars proved it was not a cloud or mist, which, as we had somehow believed, was causing the darkness. No; the air was clear; it was high noon, and the sun *had not risen*! That was the tremendous reason why we beheld the stars. The sun would never rise again!

In this dream, as it seems to me, a very complicated myth was created by my unconscious brain, which having first by some chance stumbled on the picture of a crowd in the dark, and a bit of starry sky over them, elaborated, to account for such facts, the bold theory of the sun not having risen at noon; or

(if we like to take it the other way) having hit on the idea of the sun's disappearance, invented the appropriate scenery of the breathless expectant crowd, and the apparition of the stars.

Next to the myth-creating faculty in dreams, perhaps the most remarkable circumstance about them is that which has given rise to the world-old notion that dreams are frequently predictions. At the outset of an examination of this matter, we are struck by the familiar fact that our most common dreams are continually recalled to us within a few hours by some insignificant circumstance bringing up again the name of the person or place about which we had dreamed. On such occasions, as the vulgar say, "My dream is out." Nothing was actually predicted, and nothing has occurred of the smallest consequence, or ever entailing any consequence, but yet, by some concatenation of events, we dreamed of the man from whom we received a letter in the morning; or we saw in our sleep a house on fire, and before the next night we pass a street where there is a crowd, and behold! a dwelling in flames. Nay, much more special and out-of-the-way dreams than these come "out" very often. If we dream of Nebuchadnezzar on Saturday night, it is to be expected that on Sunday (unless the new lectionary have dispensed with his history) that the lesson of the day will present us with the ill-fated monarch and his golden image. Dreams of some almost unheard-of spot, or beast, or dead-and-gone old worthy, which by wild vagary have entered our brain, are perpetually followed by a reference to the same spot, or beast, or personage, in the first book or newspaper we open afterwards. To account for such coincidences on any rational principle is, of course, difficult. But it is at least useful to attempt to do so, seeing that here, at all events, the supernatural hypothesis is too obviously absurd to be entertained by anybody; and if we can substitute for it a plausible theory in these cases, the same theory may serve equally well for problems a little more dignified, and

therefore more liable to be treated superstitiously.

In the first place, a moment's reflection will show that the same sort of odd coincidences take place continually among the trivial events of waking life. It has chanced to myself within the last few hours to remark to a friend how the word "subtle" applied to the serpent in Genesis, is always spelled "subtil," and within a few minutes to take up *The Index*, of Toledo, Ohio, and read the following anecdote: "A poor negro preacher was much troubled by the cheating of the sutlers of the army which he followed. He chose accordingly for the text of his sermon, 'Now the serpent was more *sutler* than any beast of the field,' &c." It will be owned that this is precisely the kind of chance coincidence which occurs in dreams, and which, when it happens to concern any solemn theme, is apt to seem portentous.

But ascending beyond these trivial coincidences, we arrive at a mass of dream-literature tending to show that revelations of all sorts of secrets and predictions of future events are made in dreams. Taking them in order, we have, first, discoveries of where money, wills, and all sorts of lost valuables are to be found, and such dreams have long been rightly explained as having their origin in some nearly effaced remembrance of information leading naturally to the discovery. In sleep the lost clue is recovered by some association of thought, and the revelation is made with sufficient distinctness to ensure attention. A story of the sort is told by Macnish about a Scotch gentleman who recovered in a dream the address of a solicitor with whom his father on one single occasion deposited an important document on which the family fortunes ultimately depended. A singular occurrence which took place some years ago at the house of the late Earl of Minto in Scotland, can only be explained in a similar way. An eminent lawyer went to pay a few days' visit at Minto immediately before the hearing of an important case

in which he was engaged as counsel. Naturally he brought with him the bundle of papers connected with the case, intending to study them in the interval; but on the morning after his arrival the packet could nowhere be found. Careful search of course was made for it, but quite in vain, and eventually the lawyer was obliged to go into court without his papers. Years passed without any tidings of the mysterious packet, till the same gentleman found himself again a guest at Minto, and, as it happened, occupying the same bedroom. His surprise may be imagined when on waking in the morning he found his long-lost bundle lying on his dressing-table. The presumption of course is, that on the first occasion he hid them in his sleep, and on the second visit he found them in his sleep; but where he hid and found them has never been discovered.

An instance of the renewal in sleep of an impression of memory calling up an apparition to enforce it (it is the impression which causes the apparition, not the apparition which conveys the impression) occurred near Bath half a century ago. Sir John Miller, a very wealthy gentleman, died leaving no children. His widow had always understood that she was to have the use of his house for her life with a very large jointure; but no will making such provision could be found after his death. The heir-at-law, a distant connection, naturally claimed his rights, but kindly allowed Lady Miller to remain for six months in the house to complete her search for the missing papers. The six months drew at last to a close, and the poor widow had spent fruitless days and weeks in examining every possible place of deposit for the lost document, till at last she came to the conclusion that her memory must have deceived her, and that her husband could have made no such promise as she supposed, or have neglected to fulfil it had he made one. The very last day of her tenure of the house had just dawned, when in the grey of the morning Lady Miller drove up to the door of her man of business in Bath, and

rushed excitedly to his bed-room door, calling out, "Come to me! I have seen Sir John! There is a will!" The lawyer hastened to accompany her back to her house. All she could tell him was that her deceased husband had appeared to her in the night, standing by her bedside, and had said solemnly, "There is a will!" Where it was, remained as uncertain as before. Once more the house was searched in vain from cellar to loft, till finally wearied and in despair the lady and her friend found themselves in a garret at the top of the house. "It is all over," Lady Miller said; "I give it up; my husband deceived me, and I am ruined!" At that moment she looked at the table over which she was leaning weeping. "This table was in his study once! Let us examine it!" They looked, and the missing will, duly signed and sealed, was within it, and the widow was rich to the end of her days. It needs no conjuror to explain how her anxiety called up the myth of Sir John Miller's apparition, and made him say precisely what he had once before really said to her, but of which the memory had waxed faint.

A more difficult class of stories to account for is that of tales like the following:—

A lady left her old country house in England and went to Australia with her husband, Colonel H. In the house she had quitted there was a room in which one of her sisters had died, and which the bereaved mother kept constantly shut up. Mrs. H., after some years' residence in Australia, dreamed that she saw her mother lying dead on the bed in this particular room, with certain members of the family around her. Noting the dream with some anxiety, she received in due time, the news that her mother had had a fit in which she died, and that the body had been carried into a long-deserted room, and was at one time surrounded by the relatives in question. Here of course the coincidences were most remarkable and impressive, if the story have come to us with any exactitude; a matter of

which the fallacies of memory, the inaccuracy of oral transmission, and the unconquerable propensity of all men to "make things fit" in such tales, must always leave open to doubt. Taking it, as it stands, however, we may notice that the removal of her mother's corpse to the desired chamber was not a very singular circumstance in itself, while the daughter's dream of her early home was entirely in accordance with the common rules of dreams. As a sad and mournful feeling suggested the dream (probably some reasonable anxiety for her mother's health), it was very natural that any analogous solemn or dismal circumstances connected with her mother should be woven with it. If she dreamed of her mother's death, nothing was more dream-like than that she should associate with it the previous death of her sister, whom they had mourned together, and see her mother's corpse upon the bed where she had once actually seen that of her sister. Nay, according to the laws of dreaming, I conceive that, given the case of Mrs. H., it could hardly happen that she should have a sad or anxious dream, of which her old home afforded the stage, without making the deserted chamber, which must have been the very centre of all solemn thoughts in the house, its peculiar scene.

There appeared some months ago in *Cassell's Magazine* a ghost story narrated by Miss Felicia Skene, which from every point of view is probably one of the best instances of the kind ever published. A husband, dubious of another existence, promised, if possible, to appear to his wife after death. His widow went on a visit to some friends, and their little girl slept in her bed. In the night the child thought she saw the husband (of whose death she had no knowledge) standing by the bedside and looking at his wife sorrowfully. The child, who was much attached to him, spoke to him, and asked him what present he had brought to her, and tried, though unavailingly, to waken the widow sleeping beside her. Presently the figure passed into an adjoining

dressing-room, and the child slept till morning, when she instantly ran into the dressing-room, expecting to find her old friend. Failing to do so, she followed the widow, and asked her eagerly where Mr. — had gone. An explanation followed. The widow conceived that this revelation *through the mind of a child* was much more satisfactory than any which her own senses, excited by anticipation, could have brought her, and unhesitatingly accepted it as a fact that her husband had come to keep his promise. Now, without denying the possibility of such spirit visitations, it must, I think, be owned that the easier solution even of this story (wherein the circumstances are unusually worthy and befitting) is to be found in the dream of the child. The widow's presence beside her most naturally suggested that of her husband whom she had always previously associated with her. That thinking she saw him, she should have asked him for his wonted gift, and then have thought he went into the next room, were simple incidents of the dream, which was just sufficiently vivid to make so young a child confuse it with waking fact both at the moment and much more afterwards, when she found so much importance attached to it by her elders.

In these and hundreds of cases of supposed revelations and predictions, both given in normal dreams and in various states of trance, I conceive that a careful reference to the laws of unconscious cerebration will rarely fail, if not to explain, at least to elucidate, in a manner, the *modus operandi* of the mystery. Let it be remembered that we have got to do with a power which (under conditions imperfectly known to us) obtains access to the entire treasury of memory, to the stores of facts, words, and transient impressions accumulated during our whole lives, and to which in our ordinary consciousness we have no means of approach. Those states of abnormal remembrance so often described as experienced by drowning persons, would, if prolonged through our waking hours very ob-

vously put us in possession of means of judging, balancing, and even of foretelling events of which our normal dim and disconnected vision of the past affords no parallel. A similar faculty, not taking in so vast a sweep, but fastening on some special point to which attention is directed, obviously comes into play in many states, both of "clairvoyance" and (in a lesser degree) in natural dreaming. The very least we can do before deciding that any revelation, past, present, or future, comes from any other sources than such *hyperæsthetic* memory and judgment founded on it, is to examine carefully whether those faculties must be absolutely insufficient to account for it. The notorious fact that such revelations are always contemporaneous with *somebody's* possible knowledge, gives us, of course, the best warrant for doubting that they come from any ultra-mundane sphere.

The only class of dream, I imagine, which escapes the myth-making faculty, is the purely intellectual dream, which takes place when we have no sensation or sentiment sufficiently vivid to make itself felt in sleep, and the brain merely continues to work on at some one of the subjects suggested by the calm studies of the previous hours. Such dreams, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, have a more uniform and coherent order than is common to others; and it may even happen in time that, in consequence of the freedom from distraction resulting from the suspension of external influences, the reasoning processes may be carried on with unusual vigour and success, and the imagination may develop new and harmonious forms of beauty. (*Physiology*, 5th edit. p. 643.) Under this head, then, come all the remarkable cases of dreams, of the problems solved by Condorcet, and many others. Nearly every one who has been much interested in mathematical studies has done something of the kind in his sleep, and the stories are numerous of persons rising in sleep and writing out lucid legal opinions.

But it is when the sleep is not wholly

natural, but stimulated by narcotics, that these mental feats assume their most prodigious dimensions, and the process of geometric reasoning or calm investigation are replaced by the wildest flights of towering Fancy. The difference between normal dreams and those produced by opiates, so far as I can learn, is mainly this, that in the former we are always more or less active, and, in the latter, passive. Whatever sights we behold in the natural dream, our own share in what is going on is prominent. In the abnormal dream the marvellous scenery is by far the most important part of the vision. In a word, we are *on the stage* in the first case, and *in the stalls* in the second. The cause of this singular distinction must needs be that the action of morphia, haschisch, &c. paralyzes more completely the voluntary and active powers than is done by natural sleep, wherein indeed the true conscious will is dormant, but a certain echo of it, an unconscious wilfulness, still survives, leaving us the semblance of choice and energy. On the other hand, while the opiate obscures even such moonlight of volition, it excites the fancy and myth-creating powers of the brain to supernatural vigour, causing to pass before the eyes of the dreamer whole panoramas of beauty or horror. The descriptions of such miseries in the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," and many other books, afford amazing evidence of what leaps the Pegasus of fancy is capable under the spur of such stimuli on the brain. Here also the singular facility in adopting suggestions and impressions which distinguishes hypnotism from natural dreaming seems in a great degree to prevail. All opium-eaters speak of the fearful degree in which every painful idea presented to them before sleeping becomes magnified into portentous visions of terror. A scent suggesting blood, caused one gentleman to dream of an army of skinless men and headless horses defiling for hours before his eyes; and the "Old Man of the Mountain" no doubt contrived to suggest to his assassins,

before they ate the haschish, those ideas which resulted in their dreams of houris and paradise.

Beside the picturing of marvellous scenes, passively beheld, it seems that narcotics can stimulate the unconscious brain to the production of poetic or musical descriptions of them; the two actions being simultaneous. Here we have surely the most astonishing of all the feats of this mysterious power within us; and whether we choose to regard it as a part of our true selves, or as the play of certain portions of nerve-matter, in either case the contemplation of it is truly bewildering. What truth there may be in the well-known stories of "Rousseau's Dream" or of Tartini's "Devil Sonata," I cannot pretend to decide. In any case very remarkable musical productions have been composed in sleep. But take the poem of "Kubla Khan." Remember that the man who wrote it, in only a few of his multitudinous waking productions rose into the regions of high poetical fancy or anything like inspiration of verse. Then see him merely reading, half asleep, the tolerably prosaic sentence out of Purchas' "Pilgrimage:" "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed in a wall." And, dropping his book, from this mere bit of green sod of thought he suddenly springs up like a lark into the very heaven of fancy, with the vision of a paradise of woods and waters before his eyes, and such sweet singing breaking from his lips as,

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway o'er the waves,"

interspersed with weird changes and outbursts such as only music knows:—

"It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora!"

Consider all this, and that the poem of which this is the fragment reached at least the length of three hundred

lines, and then say what limits shall be placed on the powers which lie hidden within our mortal coil?

This poem of "Kubla Khan" has long stood, though not quite alone, as a dream poem, yet as far the largest and most singular piece so composed on record. A friend has permitted me now to publish another dream poem, not, indeed, of similar æsthetic merit, but in a psychological point of view, perhaps even more curious, seeing that the dreamer in her waking hours is not a poet, and that the poem she dreamed is in French, in which she can speak fluently, but in which she believes herself utterly unable to compose a verse. It has been suggested that in this case the act of unconscious cerebration may be one of memory rather than of creative fancy, and that the lady must have, at some time of her life, read the poem thus reproduced in sleep. Such a feat would of itself be sufficiently curious, seeing that she has not the smallest waking recollection of having ever seen the lines, and they occurred to her (just as "Kubla Khan" did to Coleridge) not as a piece of literature, but as the description of a scene she actually beheld simultaneously with the occurrence to her mind of its poetical narrative. But I conceive that the great inaccuracies of rhyme in the poem render it more than doubtful whether it can ever have been published as a French composition. "Espoir," made to correspond with "effroi," and "vert" with "guerre," are the sort of false rhymes which an English ear (especially in sleep) might easily disregard, but which no French poet, accustomed to the strict rules of his own language, could overlook. If I err in this conclusion, and any reader of this little paper can recall having already seen the lines elsewhere, I shall be extremely obliged for the correction.

Let it be borne in mind that the dreamer saw all she describes as in a vision, and that in the middle of the dream, between the morning and evening visions, there intervened a blank and pause, as if a cloud filled the scene. As in the case of Coleridge, the lady

had taken morphia in moderate quantity before her dream.

Ce matin du haut de l'ancien tourelle
J'écoutais la voix de la sentinelle,
Qui criait à ceux qui passent là-bas
A travers le pont—Dis ! Qui va là ?

Et toutes les réponses si pleines d'espoir
Remplirent mon cœur d'un vague effroi ;
Car le chagrin est de l'espoir le fruit,
Et la suit, comme au jour suit la sombre nuit.

Qui va là ?
Un beau jeune homme sur un coursier fier,
A l'épée luisante, au drapeau vert,
S'en va tout joyeux rejoindre la guerre ;
Il chante, "Je reviens glorieux !"

Qui va là ?
Une blonde jeune fille sur un palefroi gris,
En habit de page, vert et cramoisi ;
Elle murmure, "Je veille sur mon bien chéri,"
Et la suit en souriant doucement.

Qui va là ?
Un bon vieillard, ses cheveux sont blancs,
Il porte un sac, comme l'or brille dedans !
Il le cache bien de ses doigts tremblants
Et grommèle, "Je me ferais riche !"

Qui va là ?
Un joli enfant conduit sa sœur
A travers les champs cueillir des fleurs :
"Nous t'en donnerons à notre retour,"
Ils disent en riant follement.

(Here occurs a long pause.)

La nuit s'abaisse sur l'ancien tourelle,
Écoute encore à la sentinelle,
Qui crie à ceux qui passent là-bas
A travers le pont—Dis ! Qui va là ?

Il vient tout sanglant un coursier fier,
La selle est vide, mais il traîne par terre
Un mourant, qui serre un drapeau vert :
Bientôt il ne gémira plus.

Qui va là ?
Une blonde jeune fille sur un palefroi gris,
En habit de page, vert et cramoisi,
Qui suit tout éperdue son bien chéri,
Et qui prie d'une voix déchirante.

Qui va là ?
Un triste vieillard, ses cheveux sont blancs,
Il porte un sac, il n'y a rien dedans !
Et dit, en tordant ses doigts tremblants,
"Ah c'est dur de perdre tout !"

Qui va là ?
Un joli enfant qui porte sa sœur :
"Un serpent glissant parmi les fleurs
L'a piquée. Mais vois ! Elle dort sans pleurs !"
Cher petit ! Elle n'en versera plus !

Lastly, we come to the point on which
I conceive that dreams throw most light

on the separability of the self from the automatically-working brain. The absence of the moral sense in dreams is a matter touched upon in my former essay, on which I have received the most varied communications. On one hand two esteemed friends have assured me that their consciences are occasionally awake in sleep ; on the other, a great many more tell me that their experience entirely corroborates my somewhat hazarded observations. For example, an admirable and most kind-hearted lady informs me that she palmed off a bad sixpence on a beggar, and chuckled at the notion of his disappointment. A distinguished philanthropist, exercising for many years high judicial functions, continually commits forgery, and only regrets the act when he learns that he is to be hanged. A woman, whose life at the time of her dream was devoted to the instruction of pauper children, seeing one of them make a face at her, doubled him up into the smallest compass, and poked him through the bars of a lion's cage. One of the most benevolent of men, who shared not at all in the military enthusiasm of his warlike brothers (the late Mr. Richard Napier), ran his best friend through the body, and ever after recalled the extreme gratification he had experienced on seeing the point of his sword come out through the shoulders of his beloved companion. Other crimes committed in dreams need not be here recorded ; but I am persuaded that if we could but know all the improper things done by the most proper people in their sleep with the utmost *sangfroid* and completely unblushing effrontery, the picture would present a diverting contrast to our knowledge of them in their conscious hours.

If the moral sense be not wholly suppressed in sleep, there is certainly enough evidence to conclude that it is only exceptionally active, and (so far as I yet can learn) only in the case of dreams assuming the character of nightmares, in which the consciousness is far less perfectly dormant than in others. Let it be understood that I

do not deny the presence of the peculiar dread and horror of remorse in sleep. As it is, undoubtedly, the worst torture of which the mind is susceptible, it is the form of mental suffering which continually presents itself in the crisis and climax of imaginary woe in a nightmare or in insanity. But this has nothing to do with the normal consciousness of right and wrong, the sense that what we are *actually doing* is morally good or bad; a sense which is never wholly absent in our waking hours, and which (as I conceive) is never present in a perfectly natural dream. If the experience of my readers do not lead them to correct this opinion, then I must be permitted to urge that the discovery of such a law as that which excludes the moral sense from dreams must needs point to some important conclusion concerning the nature of unconscious cerebration. If such cerebration be in any way to be described as our *own* work, how is it possible that so intimate, so indissoluble a part of ourselves as our sense of the moral character of actions should be regularly absent? To divide the idea of a cruel deed from a sense of loathing, or a base one from a sense of contempt, would be an impossible feat for us to accomplish awake. Our perception of such acts is simultaneously a perception of their moral hideousness; yet we do this in dreams, not merely occasionally, but, as I conceive, as a rule of which the exceptions are at most extremely rare.

Nay, further. A great proportion of the passions of our dreams seem often *not* reflexes of those experienced in former hours of consciousness, but altogether foreign to our natures, past and present. Passions which never for a moment sullied our consciousness, sentiments the very antipodes of those belonging to our idiosyncrasies, present themselves in sleep, and are followed out with their appropriate actions, just as if we were not ourselves at all; but, in one case, a Jack Sheppard, or in another a Caligula. The man who would go to the stake rather than do a dishonourable act, imagines himself cheat-

ing at cards; the woman who never yet voluntarily hurt a fly, chops a baby into mince-meat.

The theory of Dugald Stewart, that the will is not dormant in dreams, but has merely lost the power of controlling the muscles,¹ seems to me entirely inadequate to fit cases like these. If the will were awake, it must inevitably rebel against acts so repugnant to it, even if it were powerless to prevent the brain from inventing them. A sense of discord and trouble would reign in our dreams as of "a house divided against itself." The fact that nothing of the kind is experienced, and that we have, notoriously, not even a sense of surprise in dreams when we find ourselves committing the most atrocious outrages, is surely sufficient to prove that the true self is not merely impotent but dormant.

Finally, not only the absence of the moral sense in dreams, but also the absence of all sense of mental fatigue in them, appears to point to the same conclusion. In dreams we never experience that weariness which invariably in waking hours follows all sustained volition. Wide and wild as may be our flights of fancy, no feather of our wings seems to droop after them. But exertion of will is the most laborious of all things, whether it be employed to attend to a subject of study, to create a fanciful story, or to direct our limbs in unwonted actions. It has been truly remarked, that if the laws of our constitution required us to perform a separate act of volition for every muscular motion we make in the course of twenty-four hours,—in other words, if there were no such power as that of automatic action,—we should expire of the fatigue of a single day's exertion; nay, of the mere rising up and sitting down, and washing and brushing and buttoning, and moving our legs down stairs, and cutting and buttering and chewing and swallowing, and all the numberless little proceedings which must be gone through before even breakfast is accomplished. Nature

¹ Dugald Stewart's Works, vol. ii. p. 292.

has so arranged it that we learn the various arts of walking, eating, dressing, &c. &c., one by one, and at an age when we have nothing else to do ; so that when the further lessons of how to read, to write, and so on, have to be learned, the rudiments of life's business have long before passed into the class of voluntary acts over which unconscious cerebration is quite sufficiently sensible to preside. And this unconscious brain-work never seems to tire us at all ; whether it consists in setting our feet and eyes going in the proper direction for walking or riding, or in painting for us the choicest galleries of pictures in dreamland, or composing for us as many novels as taxed the imagination of poor Alexandre Dumas. It is the conscious Self alone whose exertions ever flag, and for whose repose merciful Nature has deserved the blessing of Sancho Panza on "the man who invented sleep."

Take it how we will, I think it remains evident that in dreams (except those belonging to the class of nightmare wherein the will is partially awakened) we are in a condition of entire passivity ; receiving impressions indeed from the work which is going on in our brains, but incurring no fatigue thereby, and exempted from all sense of moral responsibility as regards it. The instrument on which we are wont to play has slipped from our loosened grasp, and its secondary and almost equally wondrous powers have become

manifest. It is not only a finger-organ, but a *self-acting* one ; which, while we lie still and listen, goes over, more or less perfectly, and with many a quaint wrong note and variation, the airs which we performed on it yesterday, or long ago.

Is this instrument *ourselves* ? Are we quite inseparable from this machinery of thoughts ? If it never acted except by our volition and under our control, then, indeed, it might be somewhat difficult to conceive of our consciousness apart from it. But every night a different lesson is taught us. The brain, released from its bit and rein, plays like a colt turned to pasture, or, like the horse of the miller, goes round from left to right to relieve itself from having gone round from right to left all the day before. Watching these instinctive sports and relaxations by which we benefit, but in whose direction we have no part, do we not acquire the conviction that the dreaming brain-self is not the true self for whose moral worthiness we strive, and for whose existence after death alone we care ? "We are of the stuff which dreams are made of." Not wholly so, O mighty poet, philosopher ! for in that "stuff" there enters not the noblest element of our nature—that Moral Will which allies us, not to the world of passing shadows, but to the great Eternal Will, in whose Life it is our hope that we shall live for ever.

OUR MILITARY REQUIREMENTS.

BY COLONEL SIR GARNET I. WOLSELEY, C.B., K.C.M.G.,
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, ETC.

IN bringing before the English people the subject of Army Organization, it would be well to divide it into two parts.

First. What is it we require?

Secondly. What is the most suitable method to be adopted for obtaining it?

The first is a military question, although of course the soldier who has to solve it must take political contingencies into consideration, or rather, eventualities which can only result from a certain course of foreign policy being pursued, such as the necessity for despatching an army to the Continent in the fulfilment of contracts entered into with foreign Powers. The second is essentially a social and domestic question, to be dealt with by the people of England themselves, through their representatives in Parliament. It is not a question for soldiers; for though we may all take an intense interest in its solution, and may have firm, fixed views, as to what we think ought to be done, what concerns the army really is that the number of men, ships, and forts required for the military necessities of our widely-spread empire are provided. That is the one point upon which soldiers should fix their attention, and seek by all means in their power to enlighten their non-military countrymen upon. John Bull, who has to pay the cost and to supply the required numbers from the ranks of his healthy grown-up sons, is the best judge of the method by which he will provide them; and whether he will do so by

lot or by monetary inducements, is his business.

In order to throw some light upon the military side of the question, and to explain the reasoning upon which certain demands for numbers are based, it is proposed to say a little here, in the hope that the general reader may gain some insight into the reason why demands for men that may, perhaps, at first sight appear large, are made by those best qualified in our profession to arrive at a just estimate of our defensive and warlike requirements.

Heretofore as a nation we have not been guided by any fixed rules or system for determining the number of soldiers to be maintained in England during peace. The only recognized data that appear to have been taken into consideration were the numbers required to relieve at certain stated intervals—depending upon the climate—the regiments stationed in our colonies and foreign possessions. We have gone on in a happy-go-lucky way, without any fixed recognition of what our wants really are. Frequent panics have been the result, entailing upon the country an enormous waste of public money. Upon such occasions the cry has been, "We are in danger; our army is too weak; enlist twenty or thirty thousand more men." Such has always been our only specific. The men were raised at great expense, and disbanded when the excitement happened to pass off. The lesson taught us nothing as a nation, and even professional soldiers contented themselves by sighing at "the shortsightedness of our rulers" in discharging a large body of men just as they had learnt to be efficient soldiers. Sudden expansion, and still more sudden contraction, as regards the number of our soldiers, both carried out with no cal-

Note.—This paper was not received till after Col. Chesney's article had been accepted for press. The close coincidence in the general views of two writers so competent to speak on the subject, writing independently of each other, will, I hope, be accepted as a strong corroboration of their soundness, and a justification of my decision to present both papers to the readers of *Macmillan*.—EDITOR.

ulation of our requirements, are the best terms in which to describe the course—it cannot be called a system—pursued by English War Ministers for the last two hundred years.

If a clear statement of our military requirements is now so laid before the people, through Parliament, that as a nation we learn to feel that the maintenance of a certain determined force is necessary for the preservation of our national existence, no future Ministry will ever dare to leave us without it. These military requirements having been carefully weighed by educated soldiers, and their conclusions being accepted by the nation and suitably provided for, we shall have no more of these disgraceful panics, which are as injurious to our reputation as they are ruinous to our financial interests.

That we have not hitherto fixed our military establishments upon any calculation of our requirements for home defence, or for the other necessities arising from the peculiar nature of our extended possessions, may be accounted for by our ignorance as a nation of what our military obligations really are.

In order to estimate those obligations justly, and to calculate the fighting force we require to fulfil them efficaciously, we must consider what would be our position if forced into a war with a continental nation, strong both on land and sea, as France and Russia have long been, and as the Germany of the future promises to be.

Having seriously considered what would be our position, let us determine in a general way what our war policy ought to be. To fulfil its purpose, it must be in proportion to our national responsibilities.

The term "war policy" is adopted for want of any better to express the idea, and although it is feared that many worthy men, upon reading it, will exclaim, "We want no war policy, because we don't want war."

Having a war policy, however, does not imply any national desire for war; on the contrary, it is contended that we shall have taken the first step towards securing ourselves from having war

thrust upon us, when we have so clearly explained what our war policy is, that every reading man may understand it, and recognize the necessity of carrying it out. The term "war policy" must not be confounded with that of foreign policy; the former may be, of course, greatly influenced by the latter, but it is not at all necessary that a Government desirous of informing us upon what is to be henceforth the responsibilities of our land and sea forces, should make any confession of faith as to what might be our policy towards individual nations, say, such as Belgium, Holland, Turkey, &c. &c., in the event of their being attacked by one, or by a confederation of their more powerful neighbours.

If an Englishman requires a legal opinion, he goes to a lawyer; if he is threatened with illness, he seeks the advice of a doctor; but if he requires advice regarding the defences of his empire, or upon any other military subject, he is averse to accept the views of soldiers. The popular tendency has long been towards the notion that the army contains very few able men, and that those few have not given great military subjects any particular study.

Officers are strictly forbidden from entering into political discussions with the demagogues who wish to obtain a cheap notoriety by accusing the army of every human frailty, and its leaders of imbecility. The young aspirant to notoriety as an army reformer has, therefore, an easy task of it in denouncing the ignorance of our officers before a non-military audience. There is no one to contradict his recklessly untruthful assertions. These clap-trap orators have been so long in the habit of describing our officers as an idle clique anxious to increase their number for the sole purpose of adding to their importance and power, so as to lord it over the rest of the people, that the mass of the nation has learnt to mistrust us, nay, even almost to dislike us.

Soldiers feeling themselves suspected of interested motives hesitate therefore about publicly stating their views on

military subjects. They are naturally prone to pay back, by a fretful and ill-disguised contempt the opinions and feelings entertained towards them by their non-military countrymen. In all armies, where the larger proportion of men are of an age when the pleasures of life are dearest to human nature, there will always be a noisy set ever prepared to abuse in no measured terms all proposals for army reductions. But this set in our army represents only the froth of a profession possessing numbers of most able men, highly instructed in all that pertains to their calling. Such men know the helplessly unprotected condition in which we are now, and are therefore desirous of seeing us make efforts to remedy that defect; but they are firmly persuaded that this is not to be done by adding a few thousand men to the army. It is not any augmentation, but a reorganization which they ask for.

Some unthinking officers may grumble for the former; anxious for anything to improve our defenceless condition, they grasp at the shadow: but those who have deeply studied the causes of our weakness, and whose well-grounded alarm is not to be quieted by any such temporary increase in numbers, demand the reality of strength which can only be obtained by adopting a system which will enable us to place in line, before a week has elapsed after war is declared, an organized army of trained soldiers sufficiently large for home defence.

Assuming that there are men in England desirous of having a soldier's opinion as to what it is we require in England to put an end to our periodical panics, we proceed to explain what our war policy should be. For the sake of clearness we may divide it into the four following heads.

1. The defence of these Islands from invasion.
2. The police of the seas, so that our merchant ships might sail round the world in safety.
3. The protection of our colonies and foreign possessions.
4. The liability of having to send a

contingent of 100,000 men to the continent of Europe to assist an ally.

The first is of vital importance. Self-preservation is not more the first law of nature with individuals than with nations. Defence of its natural existence is a military requirement common to every nation. It is to be secured in two ways; by having sufficient internal strength to defend the national property, or by depending upon the guarantees given by others to protect it in case of attack. The first is the aspiration of all brave and free races, and entitles those possessing it to be recognized as first-class Powers, all others being rated as second or third class, according to the measure of their insignificance. England, France, and Austria have always been first-class Powers in this acceptance of the term: and Switzerland and Belgium now are fair examples of nations depending upon others for their national existence—it cannot be called independence.

It is presumed that even the most un-English of Englishmen wish their country still to belong to the former.

Unless the defence of Great Britain is efficiently provided for, we shall cease to be a nation when either France or Prussia chooses to invade us. London is Great Britain to a far greater extent than is the capital of any foreign Power that Power itself. The same amount of wealth has never before in the world's history been collected together in one spot. There is no possible sum of money that we should not have to pay as an indemnity to save our metropolis from destruction, if ever it lay at an enemy's disposition. One of the greatest of our merchants declared some years ago, that the effect of its capture upon Great Britain would be such that it was impossible to calculate it. That in our present weak condition it would be most certainly possible for either France or Prussia to take London is without doubt. Our fleet would, we know, do wonders, and such is the spirit of our navy, that all who know it believe that it would do its duty in as eminent a degree as ever did a fleet under our most glorious admirals; but a naval

disaster is always possible; nay, further, with a combination of any two of the naval Powers against us, as was pointed out in a recent number of this Magazine, it is almost probable, if with our present number of ships we attempted to keep the sea. At any rate, should an enemy be able to maintain a naval superiority in the Channel, the invasion of England as we are now, would be a feasible military operation—of magnitude certainly, and not unfraught with difficulties and some risks—but once effected, the capture of London would follow as a certainty, resulting in our having to accept the conqueror's terms. There is no use in disguising it; at this present moment we live upon sufferance, for we have not within ourselves the power to defend the castle in which we reside, much less the outlying property which surrounds it. Doubtless this is such a disagreeable truth that many will hug any sort of theory rather than believe in it. Even those who admit its truth will endeavour to forget it by the agreeable supposition, that our ways as a nation are always so virtuous, that it is impossible for us to be dragged into a war. Did not the English people of 1853 think this also? That feeling was then even more thoroughly engrained into the national mind, so as to constitute one of our most generally-believed-in articles of faith, than it is now in 1871. Yet how grievously we were mistaken then, and what security have we that we may not be mistaken again? In December 1861 was not the country on the brink of war? Was it not determined to fight if its demands had not been complied with? War has little to do with right. War is the same to-day as it has been since Biblical times; it means might. Who amongst the greatest conquerors have been guided by what was right? They were strong, and therefore they took. Have the great conquerors of to-day varied the system of those who preceded them? Let us therefore as a nation beware of such a hallucination as that our integrity will protect us, or rather save us from having war inflicted on us.

There is no intention to digress here into foreign politics, but it is desirable

that every Englishman should realize that, bereft as we are of all foreign allies, our capital—the greatest bait and temptation that has ever been held out as a prize to a conqueror—is now at the mercy of any nation that can land 150,000 soldiers upon our shores, and that the capture of London means national submission.

A large class of men who do not perceive how the aspect of war, or rather its practice now-a-days in Europe, has changed completely, console themselves, when the inferiority of our warlike forces is brought home to them, by the syllogism that as the "sinews of war consist of money," and as we are the richest of all nations, therefore we can always when necessary appear strong before the world. In olden times there was great truth in such reasoning. War meant a struggle extended over years, and the longest purse, *ceteris paribus*, was longest able to pay the cost; but now that steam, the electric telegraph, and other modern discoveries in science enable the whole military force of an empire to be thrown suddenly upon any one point, and when the military organization of foreign nations has been so perfected that, within a week, almost the whole able-bodied male population can be put in line, efficiently equipped and prepared for war, the long purse adds but to the danger of increasing the temptations for the strong and armed robber to attack its weak and unprepared possessor. It is the worst folly to keep on hugging the traditional and oft-repeated idea that a large army could not be landed here, as our fleet is superior to that of any other nation. It is strong, certainly, both in the number and quality of its ships and guns, and it is manned by the best sailors in the world. It is commanded by highly-instructed officers imbued with glorious traditions of battles won against great odds, and of gallant deeds resembling more the stories of romance than the narrations of rude reality. Is there a man amongst us who would not stake his life upon the result of a battle between our fleet and that of any other nation? But would naval officers go

confidently into action against the combined fleets of France and Russia? The naval power of Prussia is in its infancy, but we all know that it is a healthy baby, and promises to be a man of strength ere long. The larger the number of navies there are in existence, the greater are the chances of a combination against us; and our modern foreign policy has so estranged from us the sympathies of every other people in the world, that we could not expect to have a single active ally, should an attack be made upon us.

In order to estimate what should be the strength of our army at home, we must consider first what is the largest army that any foreign nation could land upon our shores. If ever we are invaded, the two islands will be attacked at the same time. The army landing in Ireland will naturally be prepared for a *levée en masse* of all the disaffected, whom a distinct promise of national independence coming from any first-class European Power would, presumably, cause to rise as one man.

The invasion of these islands could not possibly be undertaken from one port, nor could the force necessary for such an operation be ferried over the Channel in one trip. It must be remembered that 100,000 sabres and bayonets in their ordinary relative proportion means at least 125,000 men, with about 35,000 horses, when the required number of gunners and engineers are added. Such a force with 300 guns would require about 500,000 tons of shipping, or, taking the vessels to be on an average of 400 tons each (a larger average than any continental nation could collect in great numbers) it would require 1,250 transports. The strength of the fleet for their protection is not here considered. We may therefore assume that 100,000 fighting men is the largest number that could be landed at one time upon our coast, although of course it would be followed up as soon as possible by a second and perhaps by a third force of similar strength.

Taking into consideration our capabilities of defence, and the difficulties

of transporting an army by sea, even over the ditch which separates England from France and Holland, we are of opinion that our existence as a nation is not duly assured, unless we have the means of putting into the field, within a week of the declaration of war, 100,000 sabres and bayonets and 300 guns in Ireland, and 200,000 sabres and bayonets and 600 guns in Great Britain, besides having about 50,000 men in reserve to man our forts and protect our arsenals. Many may think this a small number, but with ordinary intelligence directing our military affairs, we should, with such numbers collected in about five or six camps at the great railway and strategic centres, be able to pounce upon and utterly destroy the first 100,000 of the enemy that landed before the ships which had carried them could go back, embark a similar number, and bring them to the assistance of the first lot.

These, our national defenders, must be soldiers, not in their outward garb only, but they must be men who have learnt to obey orders, and who are disciplined as well as drilled.

If one thing has been more conclusively proved than another by the present war, it is the relative values of Regulars and Volunteers, or, in other words, the difference existing between soldiers and undisciplined men with arms in their hands. We are far from wishing to depreciate the Volunteers of England, they sprang spontaneously into existence at a time when a French invasion seemed imminent. The movement was a national protest against our military weakness, and was a most commendable assertion of patriotism. The subsequent salutary effect upon us as a nation cannot be appraised in arithmetical terms. It popularized military subjects; the soldier, from having been previously regarded as an inferior animal, and if a necessity, still a disagreeable one, came to be looked upon as a model to be copied. The management of arms became a branch of knowledge which all seemed anxious to acquire, so that as a proficiency at the long-bow was in ancient times a national

characteristic, it is very probable that we shall soon be celebrated for our superiority with the rifle above all other people.

It has been instrumental in securing to the working classes the boon of a half holiday on Saturdays, and affording to all who took part in it a healthy exercise, developing their muscles by drill. It has in a sanitary and social point of view conferred a great benefit upon us. In praising it, however, do not let us run away with the idea that, having some 170,000 Volunteers, we have that number of soldiers fit to go into action against a similar number of the French or Prussian armies. We are quite alive to our individual superiority as men when compared with any other nation in a physical point of view, but we must candidly admit that we could not expect any army composed of our Volunteers to do one whit better before an enemy composed of Regular soldiers than did Generals Chanzy, Faidherbe, Bourbaki, or Trochu's troops before the Prussians. Over and over again the French have had in their recent battles an immense superiority of numbers, yet as surely as they went into action so surely were they dispersed, being made prisoners by thousands. They had neither discipline nor cohesion, and who will assert that our Volunteer force has either?

Argue as one may, an army cannot be made up by collecting men together, no matter how highly they may be educated, or how much they may have studied the art of war in books. Such qualities added to those generally comprised under the term of discipline would make an army invincible, and their possession certainly tends to fit a man for acquiring the latter; but it must be clearly understood that discipline is far above all the other attributes of a soldier. It cannot be learnt from books: unfortunately for us it can only be acquired by continuous practice for a given time. The amount of discipline acquired by a Militiaman in the twenty-eight days that he is in barracks at one time in the year is one hundred-fold more effective than can be acquired

by the Volunteer who has attended twenty-eight days' drill in the year one day at a time. Discipline is the highest and most essential quality in an army, and yet our Volunteer system does not attempt, or rather cannot pretend to impart it to the Volunteer force.

Let any one who would cavil at our high estimation of discipline study any of the operations lately undertaken by the undisciplined levies of France, and he will see that its want was the real cause of their overthrow, and that the only corps who did well, and upon whom the brunt in most of the actions fell, were the few regulars, marines, and sailors.

It may be argued that the regular army of France did quite as badly at the beginning of the war as what we may call their Volunteers have lately done. The answer is simple: apart from the discipline of the French army being far from good of late years, they were at the beginning of the war overwhelmed by numbers at nearly every battle, and being consequently well beaten at first, their morale became so bad that they lost their ordinary *elan*. Frenchmen do not fight a losing game well. The writer has little doubt also, that, with a conscripted army, the system of forming *corps d'élite* is most injurious to the efficiency of great armies. Its recent result upon the French army was, that the ordinary line battalions—upon whom, after all, the real work of a great war must always fall—were the chaff of the conscription, all the best men being draughted into the Guards, Chasseurs, and Zouaves.

It is hoped that the English tax-payer may take the trouble of studying the history of this present war. It is told in newspapers without end, and in several of them by men who are soldiers, and really competent to look upon it in some more instructive light than if it was merely a fearful romance or panorama to be described in glowing words and with poetical extravagance. From such narratives let John Bull form an opinion for himself upon the relative fighting value of regular soldiers, and of his Volunteers: he is quite capable of

doing so ; it requires no special aptitude or special military education. Let him remember that General Trochu had three months to make an army out of a population supposed generally to belong to a military people : yet how great has been his failure, although assisted by some regular troops !

There is no intention to argue here in favour of old soldiers in the acceptance of the term as put forward by many writers, and as generally understood by the public. We advocate the employment of *soldiers*, but not old ones. An old man is never as good as a young one to do hard physical work : we all feel that we are more suited for light infantry work when twenty-three years old than when we have reached forty. But by a "soldier" we mean a man well instructed in all military duties who has been so long associated in daily life with others of his own age (living under a strict discipline and accustomed to habits of unquestioning obedience) that he has learnt to relinquish his own individual wishes and bow before the orders of others ; in fact to surrender his personal liberty entirely, and to act in conformity with a system peculiar to the profession of arms, until it becomes second nature for him to do so ; and that in the daily routine of life and in the performance of all ordinary duties he acts almost mechanically. It is by no means desirable that his individual intelligence should be stifled by the process, for of all things it is essential that he should possess sufficient common sense to tell him when, and how, he should in front of an enemy make use of the rules he has learnt. It is a fallacy to imagine that a strict discipline has any such tendency. A severe discipline is very nearly allied to cruelty, and must eventually tend to make a man either a slave or a rebel ; but between it and the strict discipline which is essential to the existence of an army there is a very wide difference. One great question to be solved therefore by those whose duty it is to frame a constitution for our army is, What is the shortest time in which a man can acquire this great *sine quâ non* ?

Cavalry, infantry, and artillery can be taught their drill in periods varying from about four months to a year, but a nation ought not to depend for its safety upon men who have been less than three years present with their colours. This time is deemed sufficient in all three arms for the formation of disciplined soldiers. Now that the education of the people is to be provided for nationally, a drill-sergeant ought to be maintained in every parish. Boys trained to move together by word of command are easily taught their drill in after-life ; indeed, there is no reason why the management of the rifle and the bayonet exercise should not be learnt at school, wooden models of fire-arms being supplied at the public cost. This is a serious consideration for our rulers ; even the most peaceable citizen cannot with reason object to his son learning what may be reckoned as a preliminary course of gymnastics, and the future effect upon the nation, should calamities ever fall upon us, may be of incalculable value. It should be the first rung in the ladder of army organization.

The defence of England is a broad question, and, apart from the fortification of our dockyards and arsenals, is a subject so little technical that any educated Englishman can master it, provided that he has learnt from the lessons taught by this war in France to appreciate the amateur and the regular soldiers at their true relative value. Let him consider the small force of regular soldiers we have in England. Let him think how we should fare against a thoroughly organized army of 150,000 soldiers with that handful of troops, backed up by an unorganized swarm of Volunteers divided into little puny battalions, led by a host of officers ignorant of the art of commanding, and in whom their men would naturally have no confidence. Is it to be expected that Heaven would work a miracle in our favour ?—for nothing else would save us. The constitution of the force which we could at this present moment send forward to stop the march of 150,000 soldiers upon London would be about the same as that of Chanzy's

army the other day, and its fate would be similar.

The second head into which we have divided the subject of our war policy, "The police of the Seas, so that our merchant ships might sail round the world in safety," is a purely maritime subject, upon which the writer is not prepared to enter, as it can only be treated properly by a naval officer.

The third head, "The protection of our Colonies and foreign possessions," is too large a subject to be treated here, as the defence of each place should be considered separately as a matter of detail. It may, however, be remarked that few nations would dare to attack any spot over which our flag flew, if they knew that our military requirements, as specified under the first and fourth heads, had been efficiently provided for. For purposes of calculation we shall assume that the numbers now provided for our foreign possessions—namely, 60,000 men for India, and 20,000 for other places—are to be maintained. In the following scheme it is proposed to furnish that number of trained soldiers, not raw recruits as at present, by obtaining them as volunteers from those who have served three years with the colours in England. Upon volunteering for Indian service they should be re-engaged for seventeen years, ten to be spent in India, and seven at home in the 2d Reserve. Upon returning from India they should receive the present rates of pension, according to their rank and conduct, the expense of doing so being charged against the revenue of India. The 20,000 men required for our other foreign possessions should be raised in a similar manner, their service abroad being made twelve years instead of ten as for India. Regiments sent to India and China should remain there ten years; those sent to other foreign stations to remain abroad twelve years.

Previous to a corps coming home after its tour of service abroad, all men who had not completed their term of foreign service should be transferred into other regiments until they had

done so. This would be an easy manner of avoiding the inefficiency always attendant upon local forces.

It is needless to dwell upon the advantages that would be assured to the army abroad from having its ranks filled with trained soldiers instead of with undisciplined recruits seldom out of their boyhood, as is now the rule. No depôts need be maintained at home for these foreign armies.

As regards the fourth head, should the defence of Great Britain and Ireland be provided for by a system which would supply as many men as the plan which we shall now proceed to sketch out, we should be able to take the field abroad with an efficiently-appointed army of 100,000 sabres and bayonets, with 300 guns, without dangerously weakening our defensive forces at home. In doing so, we should, however, somewhat reduce the home army below what we have stated that it ought to be; but it is presumed that we should never send a force to the Continent unless the circumstances of our position at that particular juncture assured us of being able to do so without endangering the safety of these islands.

We estimate our military requirements at—

ACTIVE ARMY. RESERVES, Sabres & Bayonets.		
For Great Britain	200,000	35,000
„ Ireland	100,000	17,500
Combatants.		
For India ..	60,000	—
„ Other foreign possessions	22,000	—

It is proposed to provide those numbers in the following manner, taking each requirement separately. In the following calculations a fair allowance has been made for losses by death, invaliding, and desertion, but perfect accuracy is not claimed for them, although they are sufficiently correct to illustrate the proposed scheme.

1. *In order to furnish 200,000 soldiers for Great Britain.*

Let 38,515 men be enlisted annually in Great Britain for a term of ten years, three of which are to be spent with the colours, four in the 1st Reserve, and

three in the 2nd Reserve, except the administrative branches, the men of which should only be enrolled for two years, then pass into the 1st Reserve for five years, and again into the 2nd Reserve for three years. It is necessary to make this distinction, because the number of men required in peace for administrative duties is so small, compared with those required in war, that, if those enlisted annually for the civil departments were kept enrolled for three years, we should have over 9,000 men belonging to them, and it would not be possible to find employment in peace for so many.

For the 100,000 sabres and bayonets required for Ireland, a similar scheme carried out upon half the scale would be necessary.

To maintain the Indian army at a strength of 60,000 combatants would

require 8,140 volunteers annually from those who had completed their three years' service in the ranks at home.

To supply that number, 9,800 recruits should be enlisted every year in Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to the number of recruits required in each island for the home army, their enlistment and subsequent maintenance being paid for by India. This would add 27,670 combatants to the standing army at home.

For the 20,000 men stationed in our other foreign possessions we should want 2,350 volunteers from the men who had completed their three years' service at home.

No man need be especially enlisted for this purpose.

The number of recruits that we should therefore require annually in these islands would be:—

In Great Britain, for home army and foreign possessions, not India	38,515 recruits.
In Ireland, for home army and foreign possessions, not India	19,257 "
In Great Britain and Ireland, to supply 8,140 volunteers for India from those who had served three years in the home army.	9,800 "
Total	67,572

Whether that number can be raised by voluntary enlistments, with or without bounty, experiment only can determine; but if not, it is contended that as we must have the number of men to fulfil the military requirements of our Empire, some other plan must be adopted for raising them.

As stated early in this paper, it is for the people of England to determine how the number of men required shall be furnished, military men after a careful study of the subject having laid down what that number is to be.

The recruits required to supply the soldiers of three years' service for India might be raised, say one-third in Ire-

land and two-thirds in Great Britain. We should therefore require—

In Great Britain . .	45,048 recruits.
In Ireland	22,524 "
Total . .	67,572 "

In Great Britain the standing army would consist of the quota enlisted during three years (except those of the administrative branches, the permanently enrolled strength of which would only be the quota enlisted for them during two years as previously explained). Allowing six per cent. per annum for losses by death, invaliding, and desertion, the numbers would be—

161 Battalions of infantry	at 554 men each	89,194 men.
47 Regiments of cavalry	at 298 "	14,006
100 Batteries of field artillery	at 90 "	9,000
36 Batteries of garrison artillery	at 56 "	2,016
56 Companies of engineers	at 65 "	3,640
110 Companies of administration	at 58 "	6,380
Total		124,236

In Ireland the standing army would be composed in the same manner as follows :—

80 Battalions of infantry	at 558 men each	44,640
23 Regiments of cavalry	at 303 "	6,969
50 Batteries of field artillery	at 90 "	4,500
18 Batteries of garrison artillery	at 56 "	1,008
25 Companies of engineers	at 65 "	1,820
55 Companies of administration	at 58 "	3,190

Total..... 62,127

Making a total of 186,363 men in the British Islands, of which 34,600 combatants in Great Britain, and 17,300 in Ireland, would annually complete their term of three years' service with the colours; and 2,900 of the administrative branches in the former, and 1,450 in the latter, would annually complete their term of two years' service in the ranks.

Deducting the 10,490 soldiers required annually for India and the Colonies from those numbers of combatants, 27,600 combatants and 2,900 men of the administration would annually pass into the 1st Reserve in Great Britain, and half those numbers into the 1st Reserve in Ireland.

The 1st Reserve would therefore be—

			Total.
In Great Britain	100,500 combatants ; 12,800 administration.		113,300
In Ireland	50,250 " 6,400 "		56,650
Totals	150,750 " 19,200 "		169,950

Of these numbers there would annually pass into the 2nd Reserve in Great Britain, 20,900 combatants and 1,120 of the administrative services, and in Ireland half those numbers. To these must be added 3,900 men, who,

having completed their term of service in India, and 1,200 in other foreign places, would return home and pass into the 2nd Reserve for seven years.

The 2nd Reserve would therefore consist of—

	Combatants from 1st Reserve.	Soldiers from foreign service.	Administration.	Total.
In Great Britain	60,500	19,500	6,000	86,000
In Ireland	30,250	9,570	3,000	43,000
Totals	90,750	29,070	9,000	129,000

The military force of the country would therefore consist of the following numbers :—

	Standing Army.	1st Reserve.	2nd Reserve.	Total.
In Great Britain	124,220	113,300	86,000	323,520
In Ireland.....	62,127	56,650	43,000	161,777
Totals	186,347	169,950	129,000	485,297

with 60,000 men in India and 20,000 abroad elsewhere.

Upon war being declared, both our Reserves should be called out, and the whole divided into an active Army and

a Reserve, the latter composed of the depôts of the corps constituting the former.

The active army in Great Britain to consist of—

	Men.	Horses.
161 Battalions of infantry at 1,066 men and 34 horses each	171,626	5,474
47 Regiments of cavalry at 604 men and 549 horses each	28,388	26,085
100 Batteries of field artillery at 160 men and 184 horses each	16,000	18,400
36 Batteries of garrison artillery at 200 men	7,200	—
56 Companies of engineers at 120 men	6,720	3,100
110 Companies of administration at 200 men	22,000	20,000
Totals.....	251,934	73,059

That would be an army of 200,000 sabres and bayonets, with 600 guns and thirty-six garrison batteries of artillery for service in the forts.

The Reserve, composed of dépôts for each of the above-noted corps, would be 71,586 strong, of which 45,048 would be the recruits of the year in which war was declared, and consequently unfit to take their position in line.

In Ireland we should have an active army of 100,000 sabres and bayonets, with 300 guns, and the due proportion of engineers, &c. &c., together with sixteen batteries of garrison artillery for the forts; also a Reserve of 35,793 men, of which 22,524 would be recruits, as in Great Britain.

During peace the 1st Reserve should be called out annually for a month's training, as is now the practice with the Militia. The large numbers required for administration purposes in time of war arises chiefly from the extensive transport requirements of an army in the field. Those requirements would not exist in peace, even when large numbers of troops were collected in camps at home; so in calling out the 1st Reserve each year, none, or at least only a small proportion of the men belonging to the administrative companies, need be embodied.

The 2nd Reserve to be embodied only when war was threatened.

No officers are required for either Reserve. When the 1st Reserve is embodied each year for its month's training, the men as a rule would join the same regiments in which they had served their three years, and would therefore serve under their former officers, as the full complement of regimental officers should always be maintained as at present, at the rate of three officers to each

company. A battalion on the peace establishment to be divided into ten companies.

When both Reserves were called out for war, two companies of each battalion should be formed into a dépôt. A battalion in the active army would then consist of nine staff-sergeants, and of eight companies of 132 non-commissioned officers and men each, or 1,066 men in all, and the dépôt would consist of 343 men divided into two companies.

The men of the 1st Reserve ought to have a certain regular rate of pay, say sixpence a day. Those of the 2nd Reserve might have threepence a day.

No marriages to be recognized in the home army except amongst the few non-commissioned officers whom it might be considered advisable to retain in permanent pay.

Although this scheme would apparently increase the amount charged against India for dépôts maintained in England for corps in that country, it is believed that in the long run the gain to India would be great; for instead of having undisciplined boys sent out to fill up the vacancies caused by death and disease, trained soldiers would be sent there.

Excepting those belonging to the Indian or foreign army, and to a small proportion of men retained for twenty-one years at home as non-commissioned officers, no pensions would be granted, by which a great saving would be effected. Of course, in the event of a war, all men disabled by wounds from earning a livelihood should be well provided for.

We shall give now an approximate statement of the expense which this scheme would entail upon the British Exchequer.

Annual cost of home standing army (exclusive of India, and men maintained in Great Britain whilst being trained for that country):			
186,339 less 27,600 = 158,739 men			£9,450,000
Annual cost of an army abroad (not India)	20,000 men		191,500
" pensions for foreign army (India not included)			19,000
" cost of staff			90,000
" non-effective services			1,000,000
" works and buildings, say			700,000
Carried forward			£11,450,500

	Brought forward	£11,450,500
Annual Pay of combatants of 1st Reserve for 335 days, and of the administrative companies of it for 365 days, at 6 <i>d.</i> a day per man, and the cost of payment		1,297,800
" Pay of 1st Reserve, minus the administrative companies (150,750 less 19,200 = 131,550 men) at 1 <i>s.</i> a day per man for 30 days, when enrolled for annual training		197,332
" Travelling expenses for 1st Reserve		100,000
" Pay of 2nd Reserve at 3 <i>d.</i> a day per man, and cost of payment (129,000 men less 4,100 pensioners)		569,765
" Clothing of both Reserves		300,000
Total		£13,915,397

This includes all charges noted in the usual Army Estimates, which are there divided into twenty-five votes, with the exception of charges relating to the Reserve Forces, and is very little in excess of the sum proposed for the military expenditure of the coming year. Now let us compare what it is

that we are to have this year for our money with what the proposed scheme, if carried out, would give us. The officers are not included in the following figures. We are to have in Great Britain and Ireland an armed force (it cannot be called an army) consisting of

Regular army	69,905 sabres and bayonets.
Depôts for infantry battalions in Colonies	2,464 bayonets.
Do. for cavalry infantry regiments in India	6,167 sabres and bayonets.
Militia	135,000
Yeomanry	14,000
First Army Reserve	9,000
Second Army Reserve	30,000
Volunteers	170,000

Say a total of 436,000 men, with 366 field-guns. The non-military reader might perhaps imagine from a study of the Army Estimates that we have 108,000 regular troops, for such is the number we have to pay for, but of those only about 70,000 are sabres and bayonets, besides a few recruit depôts and 9,000 soldiers whom it is hoped to obtain as 1st Reserve. It is a rule in military science that the number of guns should be in the inverse ratio to the efficiency of your troops. For an army with the very best infantry three guns for every thousand men is now the accepted proportion. But in this army, upon which the safety of England is to depend, where with the exception of the 70,000 regulars the cavalry and infantry would be of the most inferior description, we should only have about four-fifths of a gun for each thousand men.

Then it must not be forgotten, that about one-third of the regulars are in Ireland, so that in fact we should only have about 53,000 in Great Britain fit to oppose an enemy in case of in-

vasion, for with Ireland in its present condition we could not reduce the force there.

Will any one who has studied the subject presume to tell England, that with such a force he could expect to protect London if 150,000 Prussian sabres and bayonets with 450 guns were landed in Kent? Where is the general who would undertake such a task? There is no general worthy of the name who would like to command such an armed multitude against even 100,000 soldiers with 300 guns.

How is it intended to administer to the wants of this armed crowd? Has any organized system, capable of vast expansion in war, been provided for feeding it, doctoring it, or supplying it with ammunition, &c. &c.? Upon the other hand, if the scheme herein proposed was carried out, we should always be in a position to take our place amongst the first-class nations of the world.

Leaning, as we do nationally, towards the universal maintenance of law and

order, and desirous above all things of seeing the world at peace, we ought to be able to step in confidently between any two angry nations, and courteously, but firmly, tell them that there must not be war, and that if either refused the mediation of neutrals, the party upon whom war is thrust should have England at her side. Not the impotent England of to-day, but a powerful nation, able to protect her own, and wise enough, in order to avert war from other countries, to participate in the great affairs of the world.

It will be generally allowed, that had we been in such a position in 1854 we should have been spared the Crimean war and its attendant humiliations, and had we been strong enough last year to have stepped in between France and Prussia, we should have averted the most sanguinary and destructive war of modern times.

The sum required to obtain for us this position may be large,—although but little above the estimated cost of our army for the coming year—but it would give us an army able to protect our shores and to make us respected abroad; it would give us an army of soldiers, instead of a ridiculously small regular army with a host of armed but undisciplined men led by officers ignorant of war and of the art of commanding, who cost us large sums, but would be useless against a foreign army of regular soldiers; and, in fine, it would give us the reality of protection instead of its shadow.

In these days the blow follows the threat with such rapidity that there is

no time for guarding oneself against it, unless preparations are made during peace for putting a large army into the field immediately when war is declared; and the blow—particularly to a country whose capital is unfortified—is so overwhelming, that the stricken nation has no resource except to beg for peace at a cost which is ruinous to its independent existence as a first-class Power.

Every shilling of money spent upon the Militia and Volunteers is so much money thrown away; we might nearly as well spend millions upon erecting fortifications of lath and plaster round our coast.

All that can be said by the few military men of ability who approve of the Bill now under consideration is that it is a step in the right direction, as it attempts to reduce that heterogeneous mass of Volunteer and Militia Corps into one system with the Regular Army. That is poor praise indeed.

Let no one be deceived by those who preach safety when there is no safety, and who, with an adroit accumulation of figures, regardless of what those may represent, seek to quiet the justly excited fears of the nation. The new plan, although an improvement upon the old one, will not secure England from an invasion; and the foreign enemy who, with a homogeneous and highly disciplined army of 150,000 sabres and bayonets and 450 guns, lands upon our shores, can certainly possess himself of London, with whose fall must likewise fall both the power and independence of our empire.

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